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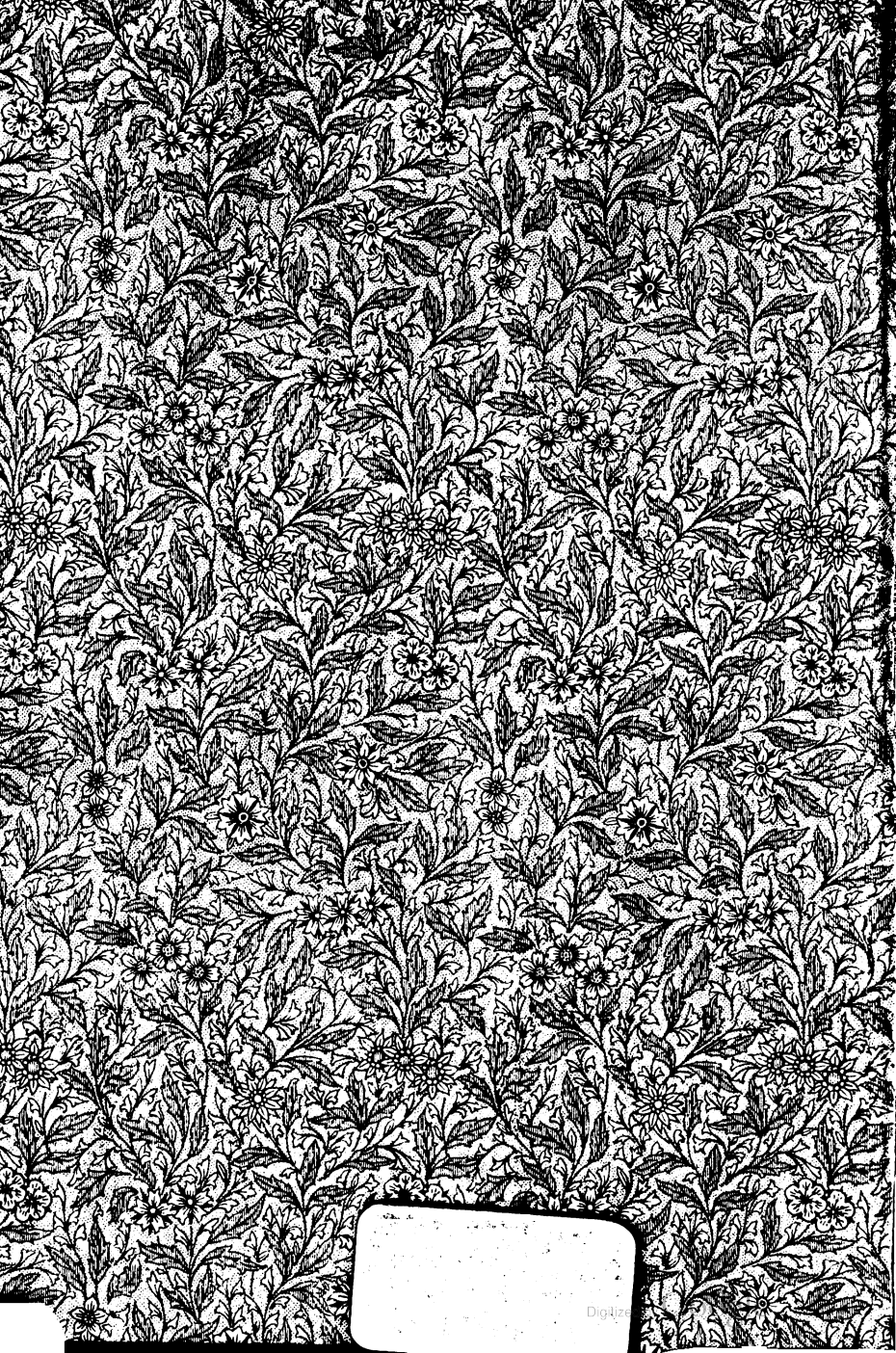
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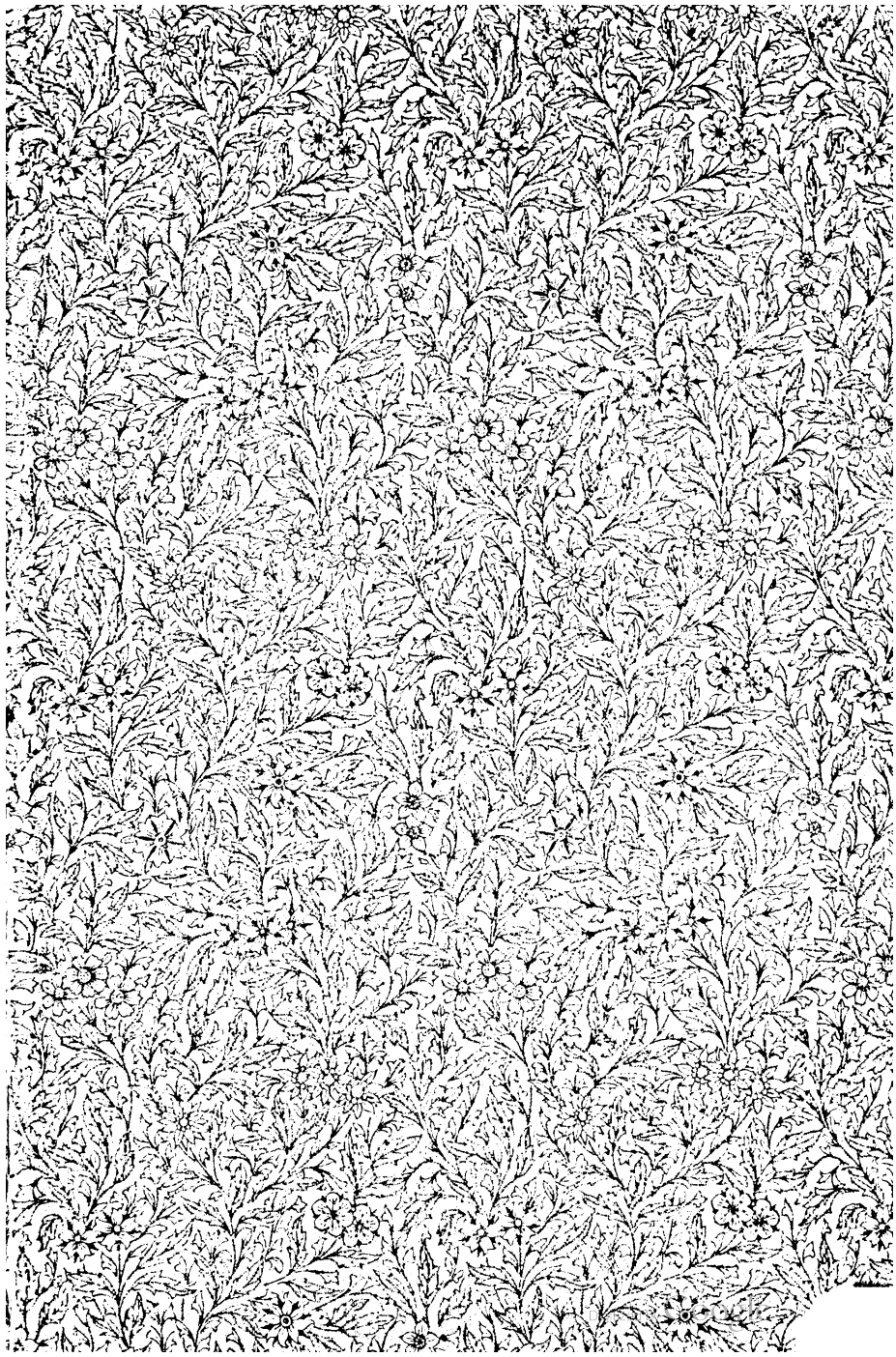
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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

See p. 71.

LIFE'S PLEASURE GARDEN;

OR,

The Conditions of a Happy Life.

BY

W. HAIG MILLER,

AUTHOR OF

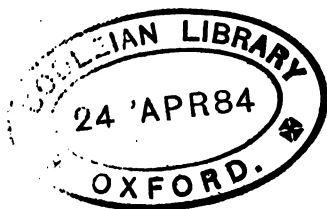
"THE MIRAGE OF LIFE," "THE CULTURE OF PLEASURE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

"By multitudes," observes an eloquent writer, "Christianity is mistaken for a minister of terror sent to oppress poor mortals with moping melancholy, and to do a deadly office on the happiness of mankind." In the following pages, which have already appeared in the *Sunday at Home*, an attempt is made to combat this gloomy impression by sketching in a simple and anecdotal manner the leading conditions of a happy life, and the mode in which these conditions are affected by Christian truth. When Mary Queen of Scots mounted the scaffold at Fotheringham, almost her last words were a confession that life had proved to her a thing full of vanity and misery. She had chased the Mirage of Life. But, happily, there is a brighter side of the picture, and we desire in these pages to exhibit that side. Life, it is true, under its best conditions must ever be a chequered scene; still, to use the language of the Rev. Thomas Adam, a pious divine of the last century, "it has its enjoyments, and is not the contemptible thing we make it, but heaven upon earth, when it is conducted on right principles, directed to a right end, and devoted to the will of God."

It is singular that, at a time when so much attention has

been paid to social questions, so little should have been done in the way of classifying for popular use the conditions of what may be called every-day happiness. "I wonder," observes Mr. Greville in his Diary, "that the inductive process has not been more applied to the great philosophical question, What is happiness, and in what it consists? for the purpose of directing the human mind into the right road for reaching the goal of all human wishes. Why are not innumerable instances collected, examined, analysed, and the results expanded, explained, and reasoned upon for the benefit and instruction of mankind?" Meantime, we shall be glad if our little treatise, elementary and cursory as it has been designedly made, should be found to have contributed its modest quota towards supplying the want just indicated. Still more pleased shall we be, if it leads any reader who has found life an unsatisfying thing, to seek happiness at the loving hands of Him who is the controller of the springs of natural and spiritual pleasure, and whose grace can transform our being from a waste where thorns and briers spring up into a true "Pleasure Garden," in which shall flourish the fir tree and the myrtle, and other plants alike beauteous and useful.

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PART I.
SOURCES OF PLEASURE.

LIFE'S PLEASURE GARDEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE POST-MASTER'S ADVENTURE.

IN the little town of J——, in Germany, a curious incident, so runs the story, occurred to its post-master.

One day, as he was in a very dissatisfied mood, grumbling at the vexations of his lot and the smallness of his salary, he took out of the bag of letters that had just arrived from Berlin an epistle, bearing the very peculiar address—"To the happy man in J——."

The post-master turned the letter over attentively. He felt a strong desire to open it and to examine its contents; but the conviction that in his vexed mood he had no title to the character of the happy man, and the strict rules of the office, deterred him. He determined therefore to fall in with the humour of the sender of the letter, and to discover, as he went his day's round, whether any one whom he might meet corresponded with the character of the address. The first house he knocked at with his letters happened to be that of the leading merchant of the place; but he

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was in a towering rage at some blunder that his clerk had committed. The letter, it was clear, was not for him. The next house he visited was an elegant villa, but the closed window told a tale of sorrow; the owner of the beautiful mansion was plunged into the deepest affliction by the death of an only child; the letter could not be left there. An unpretending little cottage seemed the abode of happiness and peace, so sweetly



TO THE HAPPYMAN.

clustered the honeysuckle round it, and so brightly sparkled the diamond-shaped panes in its Gothic windows; but as the postman knocked, he overheard sharp words between the husband and wife, about some item in the latter's weekly accounts. The letter evidently was not for them. A small shopkeeper seemed a more promising candidate for it, but upon inquiry the

postman found him in extremely low spirits, a customer having run off heavily in his debt. At the workhouse, where he had to call, matters were no better, for a bitter altercation was going on between the master and the inmates as to the quality of the gruel. Other disappointments followed in his rounds, so that, in short, disgusted with his want of success, and not sorry at heart to see that he was not the only man in J—— who was not easy in his mind, the postman wrote in red ink across the letter, "No such person known in this town," and returned it to the dead letter office in Berlin, where its further fate is unknown to us, though probably it contained only a poetical *jeu d'esprit*.

Now whether this story be true, or whether it be only a myth, one thing is clear, that, if common report be correct, happy men are difficult to be found in other places besides J——.

We ask your company, therefore, readers, for a short time, as we seek to know what are the ingredients of happiness, and the marks by which we should know a happy man, if we had a letter to give him.

The kitten that gambols beside us has its nice morocco slippers, and its glossy fur coat, without having any shoemaker's or tailor's bill to provide for, and without any exertion on its part. But man has to work for his happiness, and to think beforehand and exercise prudence if he would secure it. Happiness, too, is an object worth working for; when enjoyed, it gives zest to everything in life. Its pursuit, therefore, does not deserve the sneer with which the Philosopher of Chelsea has marked it. "Every pitifulest whipster," he writes, "that walks within a skin, has his head filled with the notion that, he is, shall be, or by all human and divine

laws ought to be, happy." A desire for happiness is Nature's instinct implanted in every bosom, and the great writer just named, had he studied its conditions more, might have had a less mournful old age than that which his memoirs show him to have possessed.

"Who will show us any good?" is the question that has been rising from the hearts of men through all the ages, and if we can succeed in finding an answer for it to our readers, we shall have accomplished something of value.

CHAPTER II.

THE BELLS OF LIFE.

IN one of his well-known poems, Edgar Allan Poe has interestingly described the music of different kinds of bells. Notes of the sweetest character are given out by one sort, which seem as if made of gold, so rich is the harmony they yield. A tale of terror and despair, however, seems uttered by another kind, as they jangle, and clash, and roar, in all their hideous dissonance.

Now in this miniature treatise upon a happy life, we cannot do better than avail ourselves of Poe's illustration. Every man carries with him an apparatus of pleasure and of pain. The golden bells of joy and the brazen bells of sorrow hang by our sides, and happiness is but the art, so to speak, of playing the bells of life harmoniously. Some men from youth to age seem to ring out nothing but sweet melodies. How pleasing it is, for instance, to hear a good man, like Doctor Shirley, the Bishop of the Isle of Man, when lying on his dying couch, exclaim, "What a blessed life I have had!" Other persons, however, through unskilfulness, jangle the sweet bells of life all out of tune. How sadly did the poet Shelley's bells ring, when he could

thus from his own experience write, after having drunk from the poisoned chalice of Infidelity—

“Life, they say, is full of pleasure;
To me there has been dealt another measure.”

How sadly, too, did Poe's own life-bells ring, cut off, as he was, in his prime by intemperance.

Happiness then, to define it in a sentence, is the art, in subjection to conscience, of evoking pleasure and avoiding pain, or, when pain does come (under circumstances which will be hereafter explained), of so changing its character as to raise to ourselves out of it a spring of joy.

One man's meat, it is said, is another man's poison; and so in respect of happiness; what one man likes, another dislikes. While Beckford of Fonthill was, during his tour in Portugal, enthusiastic about the architecture of a monastery, his physician was in equal raptures about a curious case of ulcer in its hospital. Few men, again, would relish the witnessing of a surgical operation, yet on the receipt of the intelligence of the battle of Waterloo, Sir Charles Bell, the eminent surgeon, rushed off in a sort of professional enthusiasm, not only to minister to the relief of the wounded, but to study with the deepest interest the complicated cases of fractured limbs, which the great victory had left in its train. In America, when two steamers were freighted, one with a company going to a prize-fight or some other sporting entertainment, and the other with a body of Christians proceeding to a religious festival, by an accident one man found himself on the sportsmen's boat instead of the religious one, while another man discovered that he had got into the latter by

mistake for the sporting vessel. Each individual was thoroughly nauseated by the conversation that was giving nothing but delight to his fellow-voyagers. Our idea of what happiness is, changes also with our years. The schoolboy, to whom a slide upon the pavement was a thing of joy, finds that object, when he grows old, a thing of dread.

CHAPTER III.

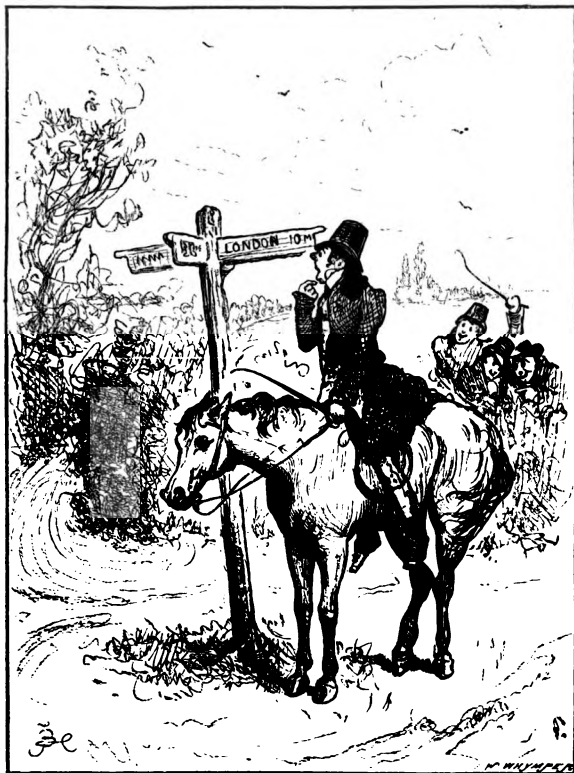
THE CHANGED SIGN-POST.

A FRIEND who sits beside us, and has heard our definition of happiness, now breaks in with a remark.

"Some years ago," he says, "when manners were a little more boisterous than at present, a common practical joke of our hot-bloods was to take a sign-post, erected at a junction where several roads met, and to turn it round. The effect of this act of folly, which the law would nowadays very properly punish, was, that many a traveller who wished to journey in one direction, was sent on in another, to his no small discomfort, and often to his serious injury.

"So when man first appeared on this scene, the road to happiness was as clearly indicated as that to the cities of refuge under the Jewish dispensation. One finger of the sign-post pointed out loving obedience to the Creator's will as the road to felicity, while another arm of it indicated disobedience or sin, as the path to misery. In an evil hour for our race, however, the great enemy turned the sign-post round, so that ever since multitudes have mistaken the true road to happiness. You will but lose your labour then, I consider, if in indicating the marks by which we shall know the

happy man, you do not point him out as one who is the follower of that Divine Friend of humanity, whose love to our race brought Him down from heaven to earth. All the wells in which men by nature seek to



PERPLEXING.

quench their thirst for happiness are empty, or filled with brackish contents. His well alone is always flowing with living water. Let me be permitted, then, as

you enumerate the various ingredients of happiness, briefly to point out how our great Friend's precepts secure them all. My notes will not interfere with your text, and they shall be of the briefest."

We willingly give our consent, with the sole condition that the promised pledge of brevity shall be observed.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMETHING TO DO.

IN the workhouse at Amsterdam a curious punishment for lazy vagrants once existed. The beggar was shown into an apartment, and was allowed snugly to squat himself upon the floor, with the privilege apparently of taking an indefinite snooze. The only furniture in the room was a pump-handle. Just, however, as he was settling into a state of serene repose, a stream of water poured down from an orifice in the roof, and to prevent himself from being drowned aright, the unlucky wight had to bestir himself and pump with all his might, so as to keep the incoming flood down.

Such was the ancient Hollanders' remedy for sloth; but, unless Dutch beggars are constituted differently from other people, we should have imagined that, even if left at liberty to be idle, they would have petitioned as a favour to get to the pump-handle, to save them from the misery of vacuity of mind, and to get them something to do.

SOMETHING TO DO! This is an important ingredient in the composition of happiness, for without it life is a state of dreary *ennui*, brooded over by imaginary horrors

and disease. We were struck, on visiting an exhibition of ancient needlework, by a motto which a young lady had long ago embroidered on her school sampler: "Indolence has a thousand pains unknown to industry, and industry has a thousand pleasures unknown to indolence." Well and truly wrote Robert Burns to the same effect:

"A country fellow at his pleugh,
His acres tilled, is right eneuch.
A country girl at her wheel
Her dizzens done, she's unco' weel;
But gentlemen and ladies warst,
Wi' even down want of wark are curst.
They loiter lounging, lank and lazy,
Though nothing ail them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull and tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang and restless."

Work is the remedy for many a disturbing emotion. Lord Palmerston fought off attacks of the gout by devotion to business, which bystanders described as being physic to his pain. Rossel, the condemned Communist General, of Paris, after his sentence was passed, rightly or wrongly fought off the thought of death, by preparing for the press his treatise on the art of war. To be happy, then, you must get something to do. There is plenty of work close to your elbow, if you will look for it. If you have a calling, do not grumble because your occupation is compulsory. Sir Walter Scott said, that he wrote the better when he was forced to keep to his desk by the printer clamouring for copy. If your calling is a congenial one, happy are you. If it is otherwise, and you cannot prudently change it, let duty sweeten it. Study its nature thoroughly; concentrate the mind upon it, like General Hoche, whose motto was

"Quod ago, *ago*," (What I do, *I do*), or like Francis de Sales, who so gave to the work he was at his whole attention, that it seemed as if there had been nothing else going before it, and nothing else was to come after it. Then what was grim duty will begin to smile lovingly upon you, till, as acquired tastes are strongest, you may joy in your work with professional enthusiasm. Captain Cook, the circumnavigator of the globe, and the glory of our marine service, was at first thought to have made a mistake in choosing the sea as his calling; and Sir James Simpson, the inventor of chloroform, wanted at the outset to quit the medical profession, which eventually brought him a statue and his title.

Then it is always a pleasure to meet honest work again. Thomas Carlyle tells us that his father, a common stonemason, was deeply moved when, after fifty years, he saw a bridge which he had helped as a lad to build, still standing and useful to the world. Common work, too, done devotedly, may minister to the worker the same kind of pleasure that an artist or a sculptor experiences in finishing a picture or a statue. Mr. Carlyle's wife, we are told, when, after watching the oven, she drew out the first attempt she had made at baking bread, and found the experiment issue successfully in the shape of a beautiful brown loaf, felt a joy akin to that experienced by Benvenuto Cellini, the Italian sculptor, on his seeing the cast of his statue of Perseus come successfully out of the furnace.

Christianity does the best for a man here, for it sweetens occupation by enabling it all to be done out of love to God, thus supplying a motive which dignifies

labour and reconciles the worker to it under all circumstances. Where the worker, too, has perplexities, he can cast them upon a loving although unseen Lord.

Christianity, moreover, as a rule promotes successful work, for its followers have this promise—"They shall not build, and another inhabit: they shall not plant, and another eat. For as the days of a tree are the days of My people, and Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

CHAPTER V.

TOO MUCH TO DO.

LORD ELDON, in his interesting anecdote-book, preserved by his biographer Horace Twiss, tells us that on one occasion, when he was Lord Chancellor, he had a fit of the gout. Most men would have nursed that troublesome companion at home; but no such comfort was allowed his Lordship. He was carried down to the Court of Chancery, and there till the afternoon had patiently to listen to the speech of some barrister. Chancery over, his Lordship was carried off to the House of Lords, not to sit upon a back bench, where he could comfortably sleep if he wished, but to the woolsack, where, if a man wants a nap, he must take it with his eyes and ears open. An unusually long debate connected with the Peace of Amiens took place, so that his Lordship did not get home to his bed till six o'clock in the morning. Just, however, when he had got one leg into his couch, he remembered that the Recorder's report (on which hung the life of many a poor creature) had to be studied carefully by him before being presented to the King that day, so that he was forced to forego his rest. The report attended to, it was time to go to Chancery or the Council; that

being done with, it was time to go once more to the House of Lords, so that it was the midnight of the second day before his Lordship could taste that sweet restorer of nature which the humblest of his Majesty's subjects had had in their power to take abundantly, while it had been denied to one of the highest peers of the realm, oppressed with too much to do.



LORD ELDON'S CHOICE.

TOO MUCH TO DO ! Although a thing much given way to by many influential persons, it is sometimes as great an enemy to happiness as nothing to do. It not only sows the seeds of paralysis, consumption, and nervous affections, but it deadens all the amenities of life. For those oppressed with this evil, green fields shine, sweet birds warble, and clear brooks purl in vain, while Nature's voice, with a thousand delicious tones, appeals to them inaudibly. Let us seek then, by

season of recreation, to guard against "too much to do," taking care, however, that our recreations are such as will bear the morning's reflection. The officer of the American man-of-war, mentioned by Mr. Spurgeon, who availed himself of his ship being in the Mediterranean, to visit some of the gambling-houses of the Riviera, must have had very pungent thoughts after he had lost there all his hard-earned savings. The seeker of recreation at the race-course may also wisely ponder the remorseful entries which Mr. Grenville, a frequenter of the Turf, has made in his journal. "I have been all week at Epsom," he writes. "The demoralising drudgery, I am conscious, reduces me to the level of all that is most disrespectable and despicable, for my thoughts are eternally absorbed by it. Jockeys, trainers, and blacklegs are my companions; and it is like dram-drinking, having once entered upon it, I cannot leave it off."

And if we are not Lord Chancellors, let us resolve to have our proper quantity of rest and do our sleeping well. Let exercise make our slumbers sound and dreamless, if possible; but if we do have dreams, let well-doing and good digestion make them pleasant. If guilt troubled the couch of Richard the Third, indigestible suppers bring also their attendant horrors. The lady who told Abernethy, the surgeon, that she had seen the ghost of her grandmother, after eating half a pigeon-pie, was assured by him that she might also see the ghost of her grandfather if she would eat the other half.

Christianity does the best for a man here. By a Sabbath well spent she gives a week of content, and a frame recruited for business. Nor does she, while taking

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a very earnest view of life, frown down relaxation, like the editor of a Christian newspaper, who replied to a correspondent's inquiry, as to what recreation he should take: "Do as we do; take none at all." On the contrary, she tells us, in the language of Cowper:

"Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued;"

while, being innocent and preceded by labour, her relaxations

"Are all pursued without a crime,
And leave no stain upon the wing of Time."

In doing good to others, Christianity opens to its followers a fund of recreation without a limit and without an alloy.

CHAPTER VI.

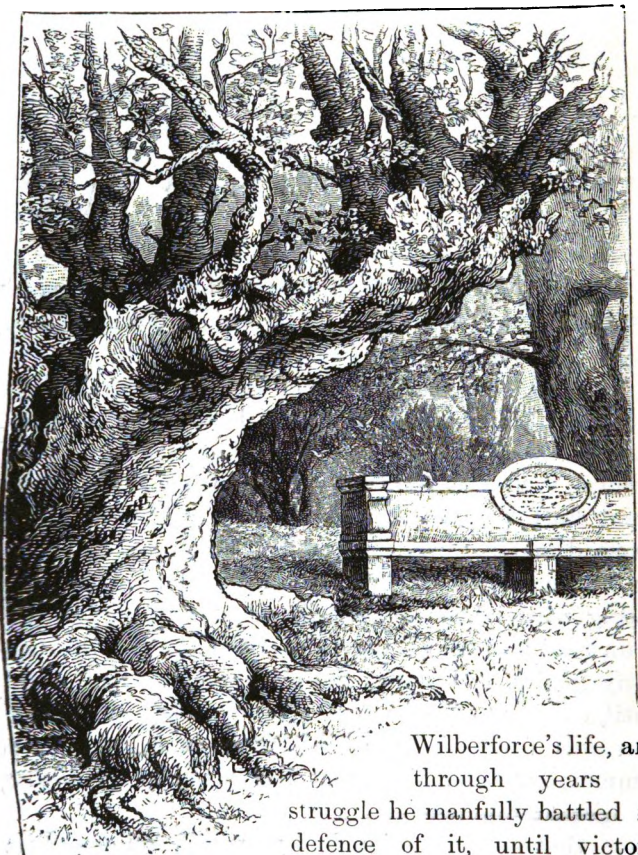
AN AIM.

ONE bright day towards the close of a genial summer, we had, in company with a friend, a right-down Cockney ramble among the green fields of Kent.

Leaving the pleasant town of Bromley behind us, we traversed Hayes Common, rich in heathery beauty, and left in our rear the mansion rendered illustrious by having been the residence in his palmy days of the great Earl of Chatham. A still richer historical treat awaited us, however. Amidst a range of exquisite landscapes, where Birkett Foster would have found a fitting material for his pencil, we plunged out of the main road into the solitude of Holmwood Park, through ferny glades, and under the shadow of ancient oaks, until, coming to the brow of a pleasant hill, our attention was fastened on a seat, which was erected to commemorate the birth that had taken place there, of a great AIM.

On that spot, some hundred years ago, William Pitt and William Wilberforce were seated; when, under the branches of an overshadowing tree, the latter conceived the high and heroic design, of devoting his life to the emancipation of the slave. How well and how

strenuously the aim thus selected was carried out, we need hardly tell our readers. It was the grand idea of



WILBERFORCE SEAT.

Wilberforce's life, and through years of struggle he manfully battled in defence of it, until victory crowned his efforts, and he saw his name enrolled on the list of eminent philanthropists. He was a man who lived for an aim.

HAVING AN AIM in life; this is our next step on the ladder of happiness. Occupation is itself not enough, for, strange as it may sound, it is possible, as we one day saw, for men to be occupied, and yet to have no object. Some years ago, we paid a visit to the treadmill of one of our large prisons, not (as we should, perhaps, explain) as performer, but spectator. Never, surely, was there a better illustration of the wheel—not of Fortune—but Misfortune. Upon an immense iron cylinder perforated with steps, something in the shape of a gigantic garden roller, such as they might use in Brobdingnag, were clustered like bees the pick-pocket, the vagrant and the petty-larceny man, working out their respective sentences. Round and round by force of their weight went the cylinder, compelling them to hold on by a pole; as they climbed on, for ever ascending, but never getting a foot beyond their original altitude. It was an embodiment of the old heathen punishment of Ixion and his wheel; occupation, it is true, but occupation aimless, purposeless, objectless to those engaged in it, and communicating no more progress than was made by the party of Arctic voyagers, who on taking their observation found to their surprise, that after a day's journey, they were no farther forward in the evening than they had been in the morning; the surface on which they walked having proved to be only a portion of an island of ice, which, while they travelled in one direction, had been floating as fast in an opposite one.

Yes! an aim is necessary to render occupation agreeable; and the more wisely it is selected and the more enduringly it is pursued, the better it is for our prospect of happiness. Especially is this advice to be

pondered, when fixing our aim on a calling in life. There is danger, on one hand, of getting fixed in a wrong groove, when by a timely change we might achieve success, like the eloquent Lord Erskine, who changed from the Army to the highest honours of the Bar; or Mr. Gibson, the eminent sculptor, who was thrice indentured before he found his right calling; or Sir Henry Holland, a leading physician, who having been sent to a counting-house in Liverpool, left it to study medicine, and that so successfully, that when in after-life he found himself again in the street where his mercantile career began and ended, it produced, we are told, an emotion in him similar to that with which we revisit a spot where some great physical risk has been avoided.

There is a danger, on the other hand (and that probably the much greater of the two), of our becoming by a rash change through lack of perseverance, jacks of all trades, and masters of none; like the character sketched by Doctor Johnson in one of his papers for the *Idler* or *Rambler*, in the last century. The individual in question, falling accidentally into the company of some physicians, was so interested in their conversation that he determined to adopt medicine as his profession. On his way one day, however, to the Botanical Gardens, a sight of the Lord Chancellor in his coach changed his views, and made him resolve to study law. Wearying, however, of legal drudgery, the company of some military officers induced him to select the profession of arms. When he got his commission, fresh difficulties awaited him, and he resigned his new occupation in disgust, in order to become a literary man, where, at the time of the sketch, he was roving from one gay flower

to another, without giving proper application to anything, wasting life and its opportunities, from want of pursuing an aim perseveringly.

When the father of Frederick the Great was dying, and he saw the room filled with attendants in their new state liveries, he exclaimed with Solomon, "All is vanity." Let us, in conclusion, then, see that our leading aims in life are such as will bear looking back upon when "Brief, brawling day, with its tinsel-gilt paper crowns, is gone, when the night cometh, when no man can work, and when the cry shall be, what has been thy life work? Out with thy work. Let us see thy work."

Christianity does the best for us here. It gives a man Divine guidance in the adjustment of his aims and the choice of a profession. It gives him, too, the aim of doing all he does to the glory of God, a motive which will stand the test of even a dying hour. This motive turns everything that it touches into gold. Mr. Hervey, in the last century, when dedicating his work to a lady, modestly stated that it was but a cypher, which received its value from her name being prefixed to it, as the denominating figure. In like manner, all labour is ennobled by being done to the glory of God.

"A servant with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for this cause,
Makes that and the action fine."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LESSONS OF AN HOSPITAL.

WHAT an impressive spectacle it is to go through an hospital and mark the various forms in which disease and pain have attacked the human frame! Here—to abridge the language of Dr. George Wilson, when describing what he saw in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh—is one patient propped up with pillows and panting for breath. He has not lain down for weeks, from dread of suffocation. Here is a second, trembling lest you touch his bedclothes, and quivering from time to time with scarcely endurable agony. Here is a third, haggard and wan, beseeching the doctor for more opium, as he has no rest night nor day. Here is one far gone in consumption; he has not many days to live. On every side are pictures of sorrow and distress.

What a contrast to the objects who lie there is a benevolent gentleman who accompanies us round the wards of the hospital, dropping a cheering word as he goes! He carries the burden of eighty years, yet his form is erect, his step strong, his eye clear, his countenance ruddy, while his hair, though white, but sets off an appearance which temperance has made most beautiful. Having inherited a good constitution,

he has observed the laws of health, and Nature now, as it were, decks his breast with her jewels and orders of nobility. Ask him how it is that as he drains the cup of life there are no lees at the bottom, and he will tell you, that, like the Spaniard who lived till he was one hundred and ten years of age, when young he conducted himself as if he were old, and now that he is old he can live as if he were young.

Let us then in our quest of happiness secure health, and we shall find, that, like a ring, it keeps many of the best forms of pleasure together, not, however, in pursuit of this boon poring over medical books till we fancy ourselves diseased, or swallowing boxes of patent pills, but wooing it by temperance and reasonable care. It will give sauce to food, as piquant as Lazenby's. It will make pure water as pleasant as champagne, and cause brown bread to taste more delicious than game-pie. It will make the mere act of existence enjoyable, and give strength for every duty. Then good health, if by caution and forethought and self-possession we escape accident, will carry with it a painless old age, leaving us with a body not a ruin, but, as was said of Humboldt at ninety, "A human temple perfect as the Parthenon." It will give life, too, a zest to the last, such as Cornaro had, when at eighty-three years of age he wrote thus: "The life I live at this age is not a dead, lumpish and sour life, but cheerful, lively and pleasant. I am in health, merry and well-contented; free from all trouble and troublesome thoughts, in whose place joy and peace have taken up their residence in my heart." When death itself comes, it may be, so far as regards physical pain, so easy, that we may say as Brillat Savarin tells us his grandmother

said when dying at an advanced age: "My son, if you come to my years, you will find that death becomes a want, just like sleep." Before leaving the stage of life, however, if we cherish good health, it may enable us, as a Mr. Morgan did recently at the Star and Garter, Richmond, to receive on our One hundred-and-seventh birthday, congratulations and wishes for many happy returns of it from our sixty-seven children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren!

Christianity does the best for us here. In the language of the late Mr. Binney, "A Christian contracts no bad physical habits, indulges in no debilitating excess; he is sober, prudent, chaste, hating impure thoughts, frowning on improper conversation and shunning immodest acts. He is not a drunkard nor a glutton. He sows in his flesh the seeds of no disease by any sort of luxury or intemperance." In short, he secures health, by making, in the words of Addison, the preservation of life his secondary concern, and the direction of it his principal one, so that, unless duty calls on him to sacrifice this blessing to still higher considerations, the Christian is the most likely of men to live out all his days, and to have a bright old age.

Where health, too, has been lost by disease, Christianity can change the affliction into a positive boon, by supporting the sufferer with Divine consolations, leading him to the Saviour, and making the claims of eternity to be felt superior to those of time.

CHAPTER VIII.

“PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE.”

DURING the period when lotteries were unhappily allowed to flourish in this country, a gentleman, looking into the window of a lottery-office in St. Paul's Church-yard, discovered to his joy that his ticket had turned up a 10,000*l.* prize. Intoxicated with this sudden accession of wealth, he walked round the churchyard, to consider calmly how he should dispose of his fortune. On again, in his circuit, passing the lottery office, he resolved to take another glance at the charming announcement in the window, when, to his dismay, he saw that a new number had been substituted. On inquiry, he found that a wrong number had at first been posted by mistake, and that after all he was not the holder of the prize. His chagrin was now as great as had been his previous pleasure; but he ever after maintained that for five minutes he had had the happiness of being in imagination the possessor of 10,000*l.*

We ourselves were once for a brief period millionnaires. Having paid a visit to the Bank of England, and seen its various monetary wonders, we were, as a culminating feat, permitted to hold in our hand, for a

short season, a small bundle of notes, value in amount one million sterling. For thirty seconds, we were the depositaries of that enormous sum; but alas! for the short-lived character of human possessions, at the expiry



FIVE MINUTES OF WEALTH.

of the brief period named, the bank c'erk resumed his treasure, and we descended to our former condition of financial insignificance.

Put money in thy purse is, it must be admitted, an

advice that common-sense gives to those who are in search of rational happiness. Money, in spite of all that can be said against it, is a powerful instrument of procuring multiplied enjoyments, and, got honestly, invested wisely, and used beneficently, will shed a whole cornucopia of comfort on one's path; just as, when wrongly acquired, miserably hoarded, or spent foolishly, it will embitter life. Happily, it is not necessary for enjoyment to have a note for a million in our purse, nor, like the proprietor of a silver mine in California, to have an income computed at a thousand a day. Large revenues have generally large anxieties attached to them; and much happiness can be reaped on a small income, *where thrift is practised and persons live within their means.*

It is a great thing, too, to know when we have enough, like Macaulay, who, when he had secured a competency, returned from India to pursue his literary career in England, instead of remaining out to acquire a large fortune and a diseased liver. Those individuals, however, are entitled to praise, who, possessing the talent of money-making, continue in business as a means of occupation after their own wants are provided for, and devote their gains to the promotion of the welfare of others. Thus did the late generous Mr. Peabody, and many Americans have acted in the same way. We were once told, too, by a physician who attended him, of an English gentleman, who having fixed the limit beyond which he did not wish to grow rich, and having attained it, used at Christmas to gather round him a circle of friends and meritorious objects, and place under each of their plates a cheque for a portion of his surplus profits for the year.

It is hardly possible, however, to applaud too strongly the honest efforts at money-saving that have for their object the avoidance of debt. Debt will embitter a palace. What a scene the residence of the Duke of York must have presented, when a visitor could write : "The house is nearly in ruins. We had an immense party. The Duchess wished it to be prolonged, but there were no funds. The distress they are in is inconceivable." Debt, we are told, interrupted the serenity with which Humboldt should have investigated nature ; and he had, at ninety years of age, to ask the King of Prussia to help him from its meshes. Who, however, can read without a pang, the agonies which debt inflicted on the artist Haydon, a man, notwithstanding his sad career, possessed of so many fine qualities ? "Let any man of feeling," he writes, "reflect that on the loss of a beautiful infant, we were obliged to pawn our winter things to bury her, and that when our dear Mary was in labour, I rushed into the parlour, took down the drawings of my children, and raised two pounds upon them ; also that on the night of my most brilliant success, I took my coat out of pawn, and had the torture of returning it the next day, with the thunder of public applause ringing in my ears." In the light of such a confession as this, a savings-bank receipt or a life policy seem documents invested with a sort of sacred lustre.

Christianity does the best for us here also. It guards against debt by its precept, "Owe no man anything, but to love another." It prohibits the acquisition of money by means that it gives torture to reflect on in the retrospect. When money is acquired, it orders it to be laid out generously and unselfishly, while its promise

remains sure, that the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow therewith.

A Christian regulating his acquisitions on the faith of those words, should never have to write, like Mr. Boulton in the last century : "I can get no sleep, and yet I have been obliged to wear a cheerful face. I am groaning under a load of debt and annuities that would sink me in the grave, if my exertions for my children did not sustain me. . . . Solomon said, that in the increase of knowledge there is increase of sorrow. If he had substituted 'business' for 'knowledge,' he would have been right." A divinely implanted spirit of moderation preserves the Christian from the sorrows that attend undue haste in making money, and leads him to seek to be rich in good works, and not to trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LADDER OF LIFE.



A CATERPILLAR was one day noticed to be painfully crawling up a pole which it had mistaken for a tree. It paused from time to time in its upward course, to feel for the leaves upon which it wished to feed, and then, disappointed in the search for them, again pursued its ascent, only to meet with fresh failure in the object it had in view. The observer of the insect's movements could not help pitying it, and reflecting on the culmin-

ating disappointment it must experience, when, on at last reaching the summit of the pole, it would find that all its toil had been in vain. The little incident formed afterwards an illustration in an address to which Sir

Titus Salt of Saltaire, that eminent benefactor of the working classes, listened; and it seemed to him such a true emblem of the soul's want of rest in the pursuit of earthly objects, that from that hour, it is said, his ambition centred upon unseen, instead of earthly things.

The above anecdote may suitably introduce to us the subject of rank, or our right place in life, with its bearings on happiness.

Society is a ladder with many rounds, having the king at the top and the beggar at the bottom. To climb to a high position in this ladder, is considered by some a great ingredient of happiness. The art of climbing it, too, may be said to form the subject of some of our most interesting biographies: such as that of the Corsican lieutenant of artillery who became Emperor of France; that of Eldon, the son of a Newcastle coal-merchant, who became Lord Chancellor; or that of George Moore, who, from his eminence in the lace trade, was called the Grand Napoleon of Watling Street. Now we cannot condemn, but must, on the contrary, commend, the spirit and the perseverance which lead men to make the best of their powers, so long as they do so fairly and honourably. Mr. Roscoe, at the opening of the first French revolution, and before its excesses developed themselves, spoke of the day-star of liberty advancing, amidst the applause of Europe, to its proper place in the skies. In human life, too, whether in ordinary or extraordinary cases, there is the same sort of satisfaction felt by society, when a man, by the fair exercise of his talent and right use of opportunity, rises to some elevation of life for which he is qualified. To climb the ladder of rank, however,

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by doubtful methods, is but making an assignation with vanity and vexation of spirit, to meet us when we have got to the summit of it.

High positions, in truth, generally carry with them anxious responsibility, and if they have the greatest honour, they have the least comfort. Oliver Cromwell spoke the experience of many men elevated to great eminence, when he said to his Parliament: "I would have been glad to have lived by my own woodside, and to have kept a flock of sheep." To a similar effect was the confession of a lady who lived in the full splendour of the First Napoleon's court: "I had," she says, "a beautiful house; I had fine diamonds; every day I might vary my elegant dress; a chosen circle of friends dined at my table; every theatre was open to me; there was no *fête* given in Paris to which I was not invited, and yet an inexplicable cloud hung over me—a secret anxiety as to the future oppressed me." All these illustrations, however, of the burdens of high place are dwarfed by the tragic end of Alexander II. the Emperor of All the Russias.

The truth seems to be that the best men who have had high rank, have valued it chiefly for the greater good it enabled them to do. "My ambition," said the present Lord Chancellor (Selborne) at an entertainment given to him when he was first elevated to his great office—"my ambition is not high place; it is, if it be possible, to do some good in the position to which I am called; and if I cannot do good in that position, I would rather leave it, and try some other."

To pine for admission to a higher circle of society than that to which we have access, merely because it is a fashionable one, is, although a common vanity, a

very contemptible one. Sydney Smith rebuked such a spirit, when, in answer to an inquiry about his family coat-of-arms, made by some vainglorious individual, he replied, "Oh, the Smiths always signed their letters with their thumbs." If any physic be wanted for pride in these matters, it may be found in the monitory career of Miss Patterson of Baltimore, the wife, according to American law, of Jerome Buonaparte, who consumed a long life in the chase of high rank, and saw her vain aspirations successively blasted, Napoleon I. refusing to acknowledge her union with his brother, her son making a what to her ambitious eyes seemed a plebeian alliance, and the poor lady consoling her cheerless old age by devotion to avarice. "When I was young," she said, "I had everything but money. Now, when I am old, I have nothing but money."

The highest place in life, then, which a wise man should desire, is that one best suited to his natural powers, and in which he can be most useful. To gain such a place, even if it be a lowly one, and fill it aright, is to be a member of nature's peerage, whether or not the patent of our nobility be registered in the Heralds' College.

Christianity does the best for us here. It gives its followers a true humility of mind which dries up a false ambition. It gives them, at the same time, that diligent use of every talent which eventually, under the guidance of God, leads them to their right places in life, and makes them fill them in the best manner. If the Christian occupies a lowly place, he has no envy at those who have a higher one; if his rank be elevated, he humbles himself under the mighty and gracious Hand which has conducted him to it, and carries himself

with condescension and lowliness of mind to all beneath him. Thus he will not be, as was said of Lord Thurlow, in reference to his obsequiousness at court and haughtiness in other circles, "a willow at St. James's, and an oak elsewhere."

CHAPTER X.

HONOURS.

A STRIKING scene was presented in the House of Lords, one day after the close of the Peninsular War. The Duke of Wellington was introduced, and took his seat for the first time as a peer. He had left England a Baronet, but in the interval between his departure and return, the cornucopia of honours had been emptied upon him. Each successive victory he had won had called forth some new gift from his grateful country, so that now when he entered the Upper House, he produced at one and the same time, as the titles under which he took his seat, the patents of a Baron, a Marquis and a Duke. His last battle brought him from a foreign power the crowning title of Prince of Waterloo. Never before, perhaps, did a mortal hold in his hand and at one time so large a growth of laurel. The Duke realised what to Charles Lamb was only a whimsical dream, when the latter sketched his ascending scale of honours: 1. As plain Mr. C. Lamb; 2. C. Lamb, Esq.; 3. Sir C. Lamb; 4. Baron Lamb; 5. Viscount Lamb; 6. Earl Lamb; 7. Marquis Lamb; 8. Duke Lamb; 9. King Lamb; 10. Emperor Lamb; and then 11. as Pope Innocent.

So much for titles. Sometimes honours come in a humbler form. You may read in your suburban journal, how Mr. A. was presented with a silver salver for his faithful discharge of the duties of Honorary Treasurer of a dispensary, or how Mr. B., on fulfilling his trust as churchwarden, had a vote of thanks from the vestry inscribed on vellum, and given to him. Sometimes, again, a promising son gladdens his parent's heart by getting the gold or silver medal for excellence in his class. Thus, honours are of all sizes and degrees; and the pleasures of those who receive them are probably more equal than might at first be thought. George Hudson, after his fall from his eminence as Railway King, greatly enjoyed the honour of being elected chairman of the Carlton Club smoking-room. Thorwaldsen, too, the eminent Danish sculptor, confessed that none of the honours he received in after-life surpassed, in the pleasure which they communicated, the gratification he experienced as a boy, when at his school examination the clergyman who presided addressed him as "Herr" Thorwaldsen, on account of the excellence of a piece of carving he had executed.

Honours have been called empty things. Humboldt esteemed them so little, that he kept neglected in a drawer, bundles of insignia, some of which even kings had presented to him. Macaulay tells us, that when at the time of the Indian Mutiny he received the offer of his peerage, the fate of the poor ladies just massacred at Cawnpore was much more in his thoughts than his coronet. "It has come too late," said Lord Clyde, when his peerage was bestowed on him; "there is no one living to whom I care to tell the news." "As for the satisfaction of the thing," wrote Mr. Denison, M.P.,

on his election for Newark ; "*vanitas vanitatum*. I did feel a good deal of pleasure for two days after my first speech. Now it has all come down to a dead level." Still, honours have their place among the constituents of happiness. If they puff up an individual, they justly make him the butt of the satirist ; but when won deservedly, they are a source of just satisfaction to the recipient ; stimulating him to further well-doing, and increasing his influence for usefulness to others ; the latter circumstance being their chief recommendation, perhaps, to a benevolent mind.

To conclude, we may, even when in the lowest walks of life, wear on our breast the cheap decorations of a true nobility. The jewel of temperance may blaze upon us ; the star of truth may sparkle on our breasts ; and the crown of integrity may shine on us, as it did on the old private soldier, to whose custody Frederick the Great entrusted the last key of his treasure vaults. Even a youth may have his honours. "I would stand with my hat in my hand before Spencer Thornton," said the great Dr. Arnold, in whose school he had been an exemplary pupil. Norman McLeod, when preaching to a congregation of the poorest class in Glasgow, well told them that "character" was the great glory of Prince Albert, about whom he had been speaking to them, and that this was a possession as much within the reach of the lowest as of the highest man in the realm.

Christianity will do the best for us here. The Christian has the promise of God : "Them that honour Me, I will honour." When needful, he will receive his fair share of external honours. Wilberforce had a public funeral ; Lord Barham was made High Admiral of

England; Lord Gambier, when undeservedly brought to a court-martial for the conduct of his fleet, was not only acquitted, but declared to be *most honourably* acquitted; Faraday was loaded with titles by learned societies. In private life true godliness will always command respect in the long run. An officer, when asked by the Prince Regent what favour he could show him, asked for the honour of his Royal Highness walking arm in arm with him in a public promenade. The Christian, too, whatever be the measure of earthly honour he obtains, knows that he has that which dwarfs all human distinctions—the privilege of walking humbly with “*the King of kings.*”

CHAPTER XI.

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.



THE ancients compared life to a garden, at whose entrance stood a figure called "Madame Bubble," because she held in her hand a number of glittering and iridescent bubbles, which she offered for the acceptance of all who passed by. Amongst the most attractive of these bubbles was one called "fame," or "reputation," very pleasing to the recipient, from the tickling of his vanity or love of praise which it produced, but often leading only to empty and unsatisfactory results. When Charles Dickens visited America for the first time, he must almost have been of the ancient philosophers' opinion, as to the worthlessness of this commodity of reputation, for we find him thus

writing of the inconveniences to which it subjected him. "I can do nothing," he says, "that I want to do; go nowhere that I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into a street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house with callers becomes like a fair. If I visit a public institution, the directors waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so enclosed and hemmed in by people, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk of everything to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighbouring pew. I sit on, and the clergyman preaches to me. I take a seat in the railway car, and the very conductor will not leave me alone. I get out at a station, and can't drink a cup of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat, when I open my mouth to swallow. Then by every post letters arrive all about nothing, demanding an immediate answer. I have no rest or peace, and live in a perpetual worry."

Reputation, however, deservedly earned and well used, is more than a bubble. The eminent soldier, the eminent lawyer, the eminent statesman, the eminent physician, and even the eminent tradesman and eminent workman, have all their capabilities of advancement in their respective professions or callings, augmented by reputation. Even direct influence for good may be increased by the possession of it. Dr. Fawcett's reputation, as the author of an essay on Anger, gave him an influence with George III., which enabled him to procure from that monarch the pardon of a young man condemned to be hanged for forgery. Nor is reputation after death such a vain thing as it at first sight appears

to be. Men who have achieved excellence in any walk of life, when their names live after them, stir up posterity to worthy achievements. Lord Shaftesbury, in a high circle, and John Pounds, the cobbler and founder of ragged schools, in a low one, have each a reputation connected with their respective names, which will minister to perpetual usefulness.

Still, reputation must not be retained at the expense of principle. More than a century ago, Lord Mansfield, when deciding a case against the Crown, and in which the King was greatly interested, thus grandly expressed himself: "I wish," he said, "popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, and not that which is run after. It is that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. I will not do that which my conscience tells me is wrong, to gain the huzzas of thousands. I will not avoid doing right, though it should draw on me all that falsehood or malice can invent."

If nature, again, has denied us shining qualities or such as bring us a great name, we may have, at least in a quieter and smaller circle, a name loved and respected for its worth, and leaving pleasing associations behind it. Thomas Campbell the poet was asked at some village in Scotland whether he was "the great Mr. Campbell," but found that the person for whom that honourable designation was intended was not himself, but a useful missionary of the same name, quite unknown to poetic fame. "He never told a lie," was the epitaph which an African mother spoke for her dead child, as Mungo Park met her following his corpse, after he had been killed by the Moors. The father of George Fox (one of the founders of the Society of

Friends), a simple weaver, was called, on account of his integrity, "Righteous Christie." "Nothing," says Mr. Carlyle, summing up the character of his deceased father, a humble but godly stonemason, "nothing that he undertook but he did it as a true man. I look on the houses he built with a sort of proud interest. They stand firm and sound to the heart all over. No one can say, Here was the finger of a hollow eye-servant." In conclusion, it will not be a small reputation for any of us to have gained, if when the clods rattle over our coffin, the bystanders, as they wipe away a tear from the eye, can repeat over us the words which Sir Henry Lawrence, the defender of Lucknow, wished put upon his tomb, "Here lies one who tried to do his duty."

Christianity does the best for us here. It deadens vanity, and commands us rather to be anxious to do the right thing than to look for fame to follow it; but it assures us that if we seek the approbation of God first, and value human reputation merely as a means of increased influence for good, the share of the latter that is best for us, will surely in the long run follow us and stir up others to well-doing. Such a reputation may extend to our children's children.

Beautifully did the late Bishop Wilberforce express himself, in reference to the reputation which he received from his connection with his illustrious Christian parent. "I deem it," he said, "my greatest boast to be sprung from one who, gifted with the vastest opportunities, with the friendship, the closest friendship, of England's greatest minister, the highest powers, the most commanding social position, used them all for no personal aggrandisement, and died a poor commoner,

a poorer man than when he entered public life, seeing every one of his cotemporaries raised to wealth and hereditary honours, leaving to his children no high rank or dignity, but bequeathing to them the perilous inheritance of a name which the Christian world venerates."

CHAPTER XII.

A THING OF POWER.

WHAT an impressive agency of modern times is the steam engine! Now we meet it on the mountain side or in the still valley, pumping up the subterranean stream or the deep-lying ore. Now we see it on the deep, forcing the vessel against wind and tide, or on the rail, propelling the locomotive with the swiftness of the wind. In the manufactory, again, we see it "tearing steel into ribands," or pulling out a thread fine as a gossamer, and then, as if to show its humility, taking its place in a grocer's window, and meekly grinding a pound of coffee. Viewed in all its aspects, it is indeed an emblem of *power*.

POWER—that is the next thing which has been prized by some as an ingredient of happiness. What a price has been paid to obtain it, and what oceans of blood have been shed to preserve it! "Tyrant, you might drink from your eminence without stooping, were this place filled with the blood you have caused to flow," was the inscription, it is said, once found attached to the base of the statue of Napoleon. A thing of power! It must be acknowledged that there is something exciting to the imagination in the sight

of men who have possessed great power. When Nicholas I. visited this country some forty years ago, all gazed with interest on the Autocrat of Russia, on whose lips the mandate for peace or war hung. And



POINTING A MORAL.

yet the poorest peasant is in his way, too, a thing of power. The happiness of his wife and his child, his dog and his cat, are bound up in his hand.

Influence, either direct or unconscious, is a subtler and never-ending kind of power, of which all have a share; even a boy possesses it. Charles Fox, when a youth, was allowed by his father to take a bag of gold to the gaming-table, and on returning to Eton corrupted by Continental vices, influenced, it is said, for evil that school for many a year after he left it. Very different was the influence of the boy who on going to the ragged school had his face washed. This act of cleanliness led to the boy's father and mother washing their faces; the astonished next-door neighbours then washed theirs, till the influence of the boy's example proved contagious to the whole street, and eventually led them to the Mission Hall, and the washing of the heart and life, as there taught. No man can calculate where the influence of his good or evil actions terminates. In the language of Tennyson :

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and ever."

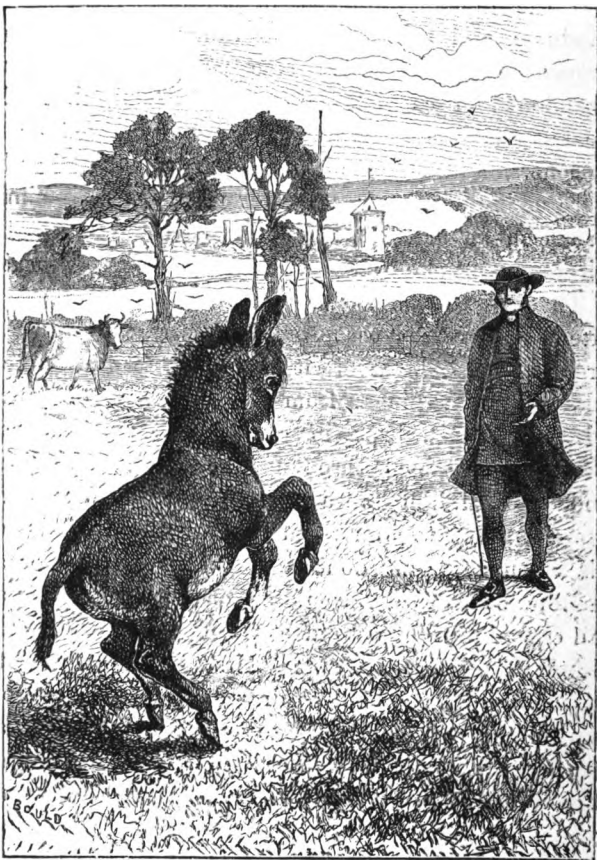
This influence, too, may be unconscious. Mr. Lockhart tells us that when Sir Walter Scott was at work in his study, his diligence, as seen from the window of a room where some young men were dining, smote one of them with a feeling of remorse at his own idleness.

To selfish minds power and influence are a source of enjoyment, from the gratification they yield to pride and self-importance; making unfeeling despots, tyrannical commanders, brow-beating judges, hard employers, savage schoolmasters, and churlish heads of families. When power and influence, however, are regulated by love, and exercised firmly but gently, they make such characters as the late Prince Consort or Titus Salt of

Saltaire: the former seeming to count days lost that did not confer good on others; the latter ruling beneficently thousands of grateful working men. Such was the influence, indeed, of an authority used in kindness, and not under the influence of the blind propensities, by General Macquarrie over the most abandoned of convicts in Norfolk Island, that when he left that place, his departure was mourned by the prisoners, and strips of his black silk handkerchief were carefully preserved by them as relics. A similar beneficent influence appears to have been exercised by Sir James Brooke over the degraded Dyaks of Borneo.

There is one form of power committed to man, and often sorely abused, that over the lower creation. When properly used, however, it makes a not insignificant addition to happiness, from the friendship of animals which it draws back in return. The vicious horse Cruiser was tamed through kindness by Mr. Rarey, and followed him like a dog. Sydney Smith's horses came running to him when he entered the field, and his favourite young donkey, when he saw him or any member of his family, would set off with ears down and tail erect, in full bray to meet them. When Sir Walter Scott visited his daughter, Mrs. Lockhart, the two donkeys which she kept to draw her pony-chaise would run to the park enclosure to be stroked by him, and "to have a crack with the laird." The Honourable Miss Eden, the sister of Lord Auckland, Governor-general of India, has archly told us of their friendship with a flying squirrel, which would sit on her brother's shoulder and apparently whisper in his ear. "George," she wrote, "says he is only biting his ear; but I am convinced he has more to do with public affairs than

is generally supposed." Mortimer Collins, a pleasing writer of lively verse, has told us of his attachment to a young robin, which welcomed him the first thing in the



SYDNEY SMITH'S DONKEY.

morning, and would perch on his knee and cheer him with his song. The late Mr. Fox of Cornwall, in his

beautiful grounds with their thousands of rose-trees, lived among coveys of birds, which were like personal friends; so did Mr. Waterton, on his estate in Yorkshire, where no report of a gun was ever heard, and where all told the tale of the willingness of the lower creation to enter into friendship with man, if he would but exercise his power over them with gentleness.

Christianity does the best for man here. It reminds us that we have a Master in heaven, and orders us to take Him as an example, of using authority in a kindly spirit, and of ruling all men entrusted to us in love. The tenderness it inspires for the dumb creation is well represented in the saying of the costermonger, that even his donkey must surely know that he had become a Christian, from his having ceased to beat it in the way he did before he was converted.

Influence, too, is seen by a Christian to be a very solemn thing, having consciously or unconsciously never-ending effects on all around him. This consideration stirs him up, therefore, to make his influence operate in the best manner. The Rev. James Sherman, the successor of Rowland Hill, remembered through life a prayer which he heard from a fellow-student, though the utterer of it was unaware that his devotions were overheard, in consequence of the wind having blown open the door of his apartment. "The impression," Mr. Sherman said in after-life, "which that prayer produced of the privilege and power of communion with God has never left me."

CHAPTER XIII.

GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN.

SOMETIMES in a picturesque part of the country we meet with remains of hermitages, where in the olden time men retired from the strifes and vanities of life, to cultivate, as they thought, more easily communion with an unseen world. In looking at such places, the man fevered with the worries of business, the merchant sick of telegrams and telephonic messages, as he sees the cool solitary chamber where the anchorite's moss couch was spread, and the little fountain from which his thirst was quenched, and hears, on a warm summer's morning, the chorus of birds which alone breaks the silence, is apt to say, "Not such a bad life, after all, Mr. Hermit." But this would be a mistake. Enoch Arden, in his lonely island home, though he had his "mighty nuts," his gorgeous vegetation, his birds of tropical plumage, and skies lighted up with sunsets unknown to colder climes, sighed for the fellowship of men. And he was right.

Society is necessary to a healthy form of happiness. It is the great sphere for the development of man's intellect. It is something to be able to contribute even a pebble of honest labour to the great structure of

social progress, and, if we cannot invent a steam engine, to manufacture an honest pin. "Chalk on my coffin when I die," said a workman to us, "that I wished to leave the world better than when I found it." Then, social life is the school of affection. A little child threw away her doll, because after having repeatedly



said that she loved it, it would not reply that it loved her again. Old Charles Simeon of Cambridge, bachelor though he was, was right when he said that he would not listen to reports of people's faults, because he was determined no more to be robbed of his love than of his money. To carry this love into active operation in the

various walks of practical benevolence, gives a sweet gratification unknown to men of selfish mould. Sister Dora tending the sick at home, Florence Nightingale nursing the soldiers abroad, Dr. Andrew Reed forming hospitals and schools, Sir William Brown giving a free library to Liverpool, Mr. Crossley, as he felt the invigorating effect of fresh air, determining that the poor should have it also, and giving Bradford a park, George Moore relieving by colossal efforts starving multitudes after the siege of Paris, Sir Hugh Mason giving unostentatiously some half a million of money to orphans, Mr. Gurney opening free fountains where man and beast might quench their thirst, and Thomas Carlyle leaving the estate of Craigenputtock for bursaries, or foundations, to poor students, "a thread of pure water from the Scottish rocks," as he expresses it—all these are specimens of kindness that draw after them pleasures of the purest order. Those, too, who in a quieter way minister to and soothe the sorrows of others by little acts of benevolence, receive their reward, finding their own comforts enhanced by contact with misery which they relieve.

"The den they enter glows a shrine;
The grimy sash an oriel burns;
Their cup of water turns to wine;
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns."

Such was the experience of Catherine Tait, the noble wife of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who, chastened by deep suffering, utilised high position and large resources, by devoting them liberally to the service of the poor, her beautiful garden being chiefly prized as the means of sending them vegetable, fruit and flower.

"The maid," says her biographer, "who was her

personal attendant for upwards of fifteen years, has said since her death, that she could not help remonstrating with her sometimes, for never thinking of herself. . . . It seemed as if it would have made her positively unhappy, that God should have bestowed on her so many common worldly blessings, unless she had been able to share them with those who were brought within her influence." Enjoying the command and distribution of large revenues, she never grudged that bestowed on others, but was most abstemious in all that concerned herself. Selfishness, on the other hand, defeats itself in the long run. Madame Rémusat, after close examination of Napoleon, whom for many years she constantly met, doubted whether if his anatomical organisation had been studied, he would not have been found to have been born without a heart—but what was the end of a career in which selfishness seemed reduced to a science? As he chafed, like another Prometheus, while the vulture of remorse gnawed him on the rock of St. Helena, he might have applied to himself the poet's lines :

" My days are in their yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruit of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."

Nor must we, in conclusion, omit a word in favour of courtesy, that cheap and easy form of goodwill. The late Mr. Roebuck, accustomed perhaps to rough manners among the operatives of Sheffield, longed that the lower orders might be trained to act as ladies and gentlemen in their intercourse with each other. Miss Bird, the lady traveller, sighs at the contrast between Japanese and other forms of politeness, the very boys in

Japan bowing to each other at the close of their sports. Baron Hübner, that high-bred Viennese tourist, tells us of a haughty young lady in a New York omnibus, having to be called back as she stepped out of it, and be told she had forgotten something, the thing forgotten being to thank an old gentleman who had given up to her his seat. Courtesy refines those who give and those who receive it, while it can tell on advancement in life in the present day, much as it did in the times of Raleigh, gaining court favour by throwing down his mantle before Queen Elizabeth in her muddy path. An old tradesman, in his memoirs, tells us that at some place of public entertainment, he paid the trifling sum that was necessary for the admission of a lady and gentleman who had lost their purse, and was rewarded by their calling at his establishment next day, and purchasing a service of plate. "Off with your hat," says Sydney Smith, in the tract which he wrote for his country parishioners. "Off with your hat when you meet a gentleman! what does it cost? Gentlemen notice these things, are offended if the civility is not paid, and pleased if it is, and what harm does it do to you? When I first came to this parish, Squire Tempest wanted a postilion. John Barton was a good civil fellow; and in thinking over the names in the village, the squire thought of Barton, remembered his constant civility, sent for one of his sons, made him postilion, then coachman, then bailiff, and he now holds a farm under the squire of 500*l.* per annum. Such things are constantly occurring."

Christianity does the best for us here. Its whole character is that of practical goodwill to the children of men, making its presence known by a thousand acts

of kindness to body and soul, and by the extirpation of selfishness in its followers. "Jesus of Nazareth, who went about doing good," is the pattern it holds up to us. "Be courteous," "Honour all men," are also two of its clear commands. Of a late Bishop of Norwich, it is mentioned that he illustrated these truths, by returning the salutation of the poorest person who passed him. The saintly Fletcher of Madeley was also an eminent illustration both of Christian benevolence and Christian courtesy. "His love," says a friend, who knew him well, "was larger than his largest professions, and appeared in a vast variety of forms, in condescension, in compassion, in hospitality, in forbearance, in kindness, and in liberality." When he heard that some parishioner was hurt or likely to die, no consideration of the darkness or coldness of the winter night would prevent him from at once attending to a summons to visit him. "His courtesy, too," said John Wesley, "was pure and genuine, and sweetly constrained him to behave to every one (particularly to inferiors) in a manner not to be described, with an inexpressible mixture of humility, love, and respect." This directed his words, the tone of his voice, his looks, his whole attitude, his every motion.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

A GENTLEMAN attached to the suite of the King of Greece had a dog of which he was very fond. On voyaging in a steamer one day, the animal, who was with him, fell overboard. The captain, on being asked to stop the vessel, declined to do so, being under a penalty to complete the voyage by a certain time, and not at liberty to arrest its progress for any casualty short of that of a man overboard. "You will stop then for me, of course," said the gentleman, and at once plunged into the sea. A boat was immediately lowered, and the dog and its adventurous owner were both rescued. We presume the sea was tolerably smooth, and the heroic gentleman a good swimmer, as otherwise the risking of human life under such circumstances was not justifiable. Doubtless, however, the poor dog was not troubled with these reasonings, but recognized in its master, as it smothered him with caresses, a faithful friend.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND; this is another ingredient in happiness. The genuine article is, however, if report speaks true, a difficult thing to be found, for many so-called friends are like London omnibuses, hailing you in fine weather and shunning you when it rains. Old

Humphrey said that although his acquaintances would fill a church, his real friends could be packed into a pulpit. An eccentric old gentleman, too, according to a German story, was so sceptical on the subject of true



A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

friendship, that he left a legacy to the first of his so-called friends who should shed a tear after hearing his will read. But, notwithstanding this and similar sayings, the world is in this respect not so bad as it is called. As artillery in battle draws down artillery, so friendliness generally draws friendliness back. Sir Walter Scott found that

his neighbours so esteemed him, that when they were planting their grounds near his house, they consulted him as to the way of doing it that would give his eye most pleasure. This conduct was a suitable return for Sir Walter's habitual friendliness; just as the inhibition in Chancery which was served on the eccentric gentleman in Chelsea who, a few years ago, kept snakes in his garden, to the terror of his neighbours, was the natural result of his self-willed procedure. No! "friendly is who friendly does;" and he who acts on this rule will not want friends to sympathize with him in sorrow, and hold sweet converse with him in life's brighter hours.

Though the days of Damon and Pythias be over, yet even nowadays, for a friend another friend will sometimes be found ready to brave the fear of dying. We knew a gentleman who left his own family to nurse a friend during a dangerous attack of typhus fever. Friendship, too, can still animate friends to actions delicate and high-minded. Sydney Smith tells us of a gentleman, alive in his time, who having been desired in a very casual manner, by a friend, to purchase in the days of lotteries—now happily gone by—a ticket for 20,000*l.*, when he should happen to buy one for himself, distinguished, after he had made the double purchase, his friend's ticket by a mark known only to himself. The ticket thus marked turned out a 20,000*l.* prize, and the enormous sum was handed over to his friend, the loser cheerfully accepting his blank, and not considering that a loss which a friend had gained. It is only to be hoped that the winner profited in the end by this friendly action, as success in lotteries so often sowed the seeds of gambling, that an Act of Parliament had eventually to suppress them.

True friends, moreover, should, when found, be, in the language of Shakespeare, "grappled to the soul with hooks of steel," in the shape of thoughtful attentions. One of these hooks is the letter duly despatched to the absent one. A well-known print has shown the joy experienced by a settler in Australia on his receiving a letter from friends in England; and the Honourable Miss Eden, herself one of the most charming of correspondents, has thus shown how much pleasure she had in India, on hearing from distant absentees. "I never shall forget," she says, "my absolute ecstasy on the arrival of what they call in their lingo, the Dawk (or despatch) boat, and when ten fat letters came out of the packet for me. I locked my cabin door, plumped myself down on the bed, and absolutely wallowed in my letters." By attentions of this and a kindred character the chain of friendship is kept bright.

Christianity does the best for us here. It leads us to form friendships with those of a virtuous character, and gives the command, "He that hath friends must show himself friendly," a command which will draw in its train not only the kindly letter, but every act of true esteem. It introduces us also to the Saviour of the world, calling those who love Him His "friends," bearing their burdens, enhancing their joys, soothing their sorrows, satisfying their wants, and after death continuing through eternity the friendship begun on earth.

CHAPTER XV.

A PROPER MATE.

WHEN we come to marriage as an element of happiness, we arrive at what some consider as the proper object of life's journey. "Married and not happy!" an American lady said to a complaining wedded sister. "Impossible; coach stops there; does not go any further."

In looking at the window of a jeweller, the reader may have seen a figure of Cupid with a bunch of wedding-rings, and as he looked, he may have speculated on the future lot of those who were to wear them. Were the loving bonds they typified to be dissolved prematurely by death, broken in a court of law, or were they to issue in a golden wedding, after fifty years of a happy life? The answer is given to such an enquiry in the following story.

A lady, on the eve of her wedding day, had a curious dream. She saw on a table some bunches of wedding-rings. Various persons made their selections from these bunches. One bunch represented rings taken by those who married from thoughtfulness; another, rings selected by those who married from pride; a third,

rings by those who married for money; a fourth, rings picked out by those who married from principle and true affection. Then the figure of Time appeared on the scene: as he touched one bunch of rings they were found only to be copper. Another bunch changed into curling vipers; and it was only the rings which had been selected from esteem and affection that stood the test, and proved to be pure gold.

At a wedding at which we were present, when the health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed, and they were about to start on the hymeneal tour, the young couple were compared by a speaker to persons embarking in a shallop with gay streamers, impatient to be liberated from its moorings and sail onwards on the mystical voyage of life. "Examine carefully," so spoke in effect our friend, "examine carefully the company you are going to take with you in your boat. Here comes Beauty; a place for her smiling face by all means. A place for Love? Yes, and one of the best. Another and a good one for Health. Make room, too, for Thrift and Prudence. Let Culture, also, that lady with the stately step, be admitted if she wish. Above all, keep a good place for Sweet Temper, and the best in the boat for Piety and Principle. That haughty dame, Self-will, with the last word in her mouth, we cannot admit, on any consideration. We do not object to Dame Money. Her parcel is not a large one, but it can be added to on the voyage. Nor will we exclude these two good-natured animals Bear and Forbear. With these companions in the boat, and God's blessing and His sacred word to direct you, we do not doubt that your voyage will be a pleasant one." We cordially endorse our friend's words, and recommend them as our

advice "to those about to marry," instead of the well-known monosyllabic counsel, "Don't."

Christianity does the best for us here. With Christ in the boat, all is sure to go well. He calls on the husband to love his wife as he loves himself; and as Christ loved the Church, laying down his life for her if needful. To the wife He enjoins that obedience which is the fruit of true affection, and cuts the root of all bitterness and dissension. A beautiful instance of a holy, loving Christian union, is presented in the life of Augustus Hare and his amiable wife, whose parting scene, after a long illness, is thus touchingly described in the well-known volume, *Memorials of a Quiet Life*. "After Mr. Burgess was gone," says Mrs. Hare, speaking of her husband, "he said, 'There is only one thing left now, that is, to take leave of you. When shall it be?' Fearful every hour might be his last, I said, 'It had better be now.' 'Then shut the door, and give me the orangeade, that I may have strength for it.' Having drunk it, he raised himself up with astonishing strength and embracing me said, 'I must press you once more to my heart. You have been the dearest, tenderest, the most affectionate of wives.' Then he prayed that I might be strengthened and comforted." "The truest of wives," he added some time after. And thus he passed away, leaving his memory a precious legacy to the survivor.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BEAUTIFUL NEST.

"The very house was faery:
In lawny ease, down by a garden and its fountains,
In the ken of mild blue mountains,
Rose, as if exempt from death,
Its many-centuried, household breath.
Here a door opening breathed of bowers;
Of ladies who lived lives of flowers.
The walls were books, and the sweet witch,
Painting, had there the room made rich,
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes,
Of heaven-gone kindred, sweet and wise."

IN these beautiful lines, Leigh Hunt has described another ingredient of happiness, a fair home with fair surroundings. Such a dwelling-house is indeed no small boon, whether it be a peasant's white-washed cottage, clustering with honeysuckle, an artisan's dwelling, neat without and comfortable within, a middle-class home in some tasteful modification of the Queen Anne style, with quaint porch, and a little garden before it, over whose rails the traveller may lean and say: "Oh that for me some home like this would smile;" or some lordly ancestral pile, nestling in its park, with its venerable oaks, the growth of centuries. It is indeed, we repeat, no small boon to have a fair home refining

the eye, and gratifying innocently a love for the beautiful. Our architects have much in their power to adorn life with their art, and they should dread the



"LADIES WHO LIVED LIVES OF FLOWERS."

epitaph inscribed on one of their fraternity, who lacked good taste in his structures,

"Lie heavy on him, earth; for he
Living, laid many a heavy load on thee."

Nor may we undervalue the upholsterer's art in contributing to the attractions of a fair home. Sometimes, it is true, it has erred in luxury and over-gorgeousness; sometimes it has ministered to pride and extravagance; sometimes it has soothed vice, to make it forget its deviation from virtue. John Evelyn, in Charles the Second's reign, visited the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartments, and found the royal mistress rewarded for her evil doing with a home filled with splendid furniture, French tapestry, fine paintings and plate of massive silver. Still, the upholsterer's and the decorator's art, though occasionally abused, can, and that without necessarily being expensive, so furnish a home in modest and sweet taste, that it may become a bath of serene pleasure to the mind, producing cheerful effects, akin to those which the beauty of external nature supplies.

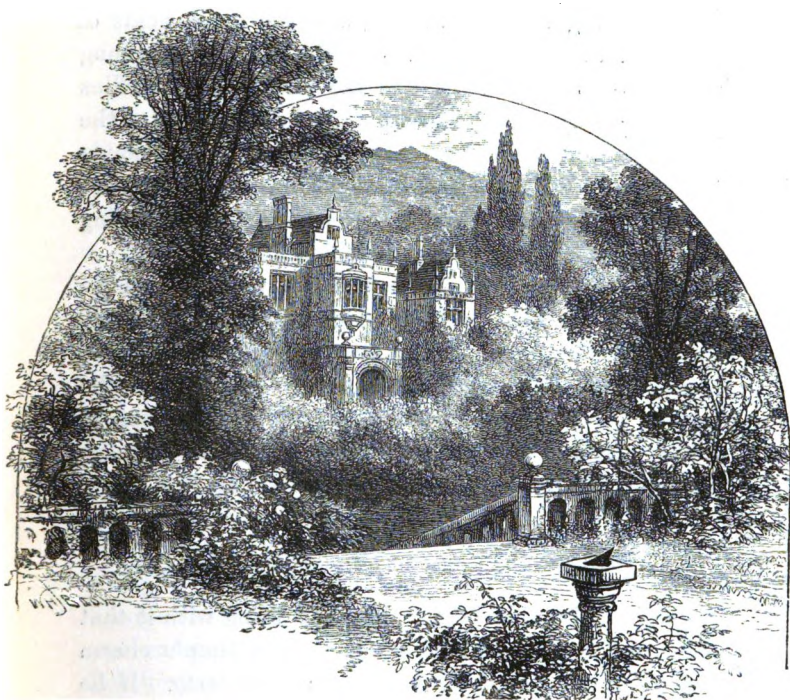
Nor may we forget our obligations to the gardener's art, brightening as it does the face of nature, and causing the floral loveliness of all climes to glow in the rich man's garden or conservatory, or blossom in their measure in the poor man's flower-pot. Thanks to the peace that has so long blessed our country, there are in it many beautiful specimens of horticultural skill. "It was our good fortune," says a writer, speaking of a visit to a garden filled with American plants, "to behold this extraordinary shrubbery at the season of its greatest beauty. Its winding paths led us through groves of the loftiest rhododendrons, whose deep pink flowers shed an universal glow over an extensive declivity; here and there the beautiful magnolia displayed the exquisite whiteness of its large blossoms; while clusters of azaleas mingled with these loftier exotics, in the richest

harmony of colour and fragrance. The Carolina rose profusely studded the walks with its gorgeous blossoms; the all-spice of the same region shed its exquisite perfume, and the arbutus luxuriated in groups as lofty and branching as the Portugal laurel." Scarcely less wonderful are the triumphs of the gardener's art in the interior of the dwelling. "The visitor," says another writer, speaking of a nobleman's mansion, "was shown into a handsomely furnished sitting-room, one wall of which was formed of a single pane of glass, so clear and spacious that unless he were warned of its existence, he would be likely to walk through it. On the other side of this glass wall, the rarest plants and flowers were ranged round a central fountain, by the side of which, and reflected in the water, was placed the original in purest marble of Bayley's celebrated statue of Eve bending over the flood." These, of course, are triumphs of skill reserved for wealth, but, through the gardening art, the cottager, too, may have his plot beaming with beautiful flowers, and the artisan, through his Liliputian window garden, may be transported in imagination to scenes far away from the smoky town.

A beautiful home—and we should add a comfortable, and, above all, a healthy home—is, it is clear, no small ingredient of a pure enjoyment of life. It needs no argument, it has been well said, to prove that if one's abode be subject to smoky chimneys, damp walls, neighbouring bogs, incurable draughts, rattling windows, unfolding doors, and, it may be added, gloomy furniture and sad-coloured paper, the result upon the temper and views of the man thus affected will not be a pleasing one.

The late Mr. Dennison, M.P., in order to assist in

elevating the working-classes of London, went down to the East-end to reside among their squalid habitations, and thus records his experience: "My mind," he says, "is getting blunted by the ugliness and monotony of



A BEAUTIFUL NEST.

the place. I can imagine the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the vilest of men and men's works."

On the other hand, it is not difficult to realize how much a well-known modern writer must have had his

natural cheerfulness promoted by writing as he did, under surroundings so totally different from those of Mr. Dennison: "I have put," says the writer in question, "five mirrors in the chalet where I write, and they reflect, and reflect in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds go and come with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

Christianity will do the best for a man in this respect; not the best, perhaps, in magnificence or luxury (for a Christian cannot forget that he is a steward of his money for higher objects even than elegance), but the best as inspiring him with a grateful recognition of God as the bestower and preserver of his home mercies. As John Newton said, he will inscribe on all:

"Deus nobis haec otia fecit."

"God is the author of all these comforts."

If he has a humble home, piety will bring with it that order and neatness which often gives a simple charm denied to the laborious efforts of a false taste. If he has a mansion and grounds, he will reply to a visitor, should he say to him, as was said to Lord Bexley, on going over his beautiful home and surroundings: "What, all this, and God's grace too?" "Yes; and take the other away, the last is still a sufficient portion."

CHAPTER XVII.

DULCE DOMUM.

WHO has not seen, in the outskirts of some village, a house of ancient days, in ruins, perhaps, and accredited with the mystery of being haunted? At night how the boys hurry past it! How eerie it looks in the straggling beams of the moon, and in winter, as the winds blow through it, how fancy might convert their melancholy wailing notes into the groans of some of its old inhabitants, doing penance for their former misdeeds, by renewing their discord upon earth.

Alas! some modern homes do not require the aid of superstition to deepen their gloom. They are miserable enough, from human and easily understood causes. Vinegar Hall, for instance, is a handsome enough mansion externally, but who would willingly live in it? The husband and wife lead a cat-and-dog life, and their wrangles are loud enough to be heard at times by their neighbours. Their servants never stop long enough to be familiar to the place, and seem no sooner to arrive than they take their boxes and depart. The children dread their parents' presence, and only know happiness when they are out visiting, welcoming their departure and fearing their return. To complete this picture,

the style of their housekeeping is poor and stingy; slatternliness and discomfort reign in their household arrangements. No guests break the monotony of the home by their cheerful arrival; while, as regards their neighbours, they are at loggerheads with the one on their left hand, and have had a law-suit with the other on their right.

How different is all this from Edensville, a plain substantial villa (but not without a touch of elegance), with bright windows, indicative of neatness within. We lately accompanied its owner home after his return from a journey. The door seemed to fly open at his knock, and we were welcomed by an old domestic, whose face mantled with pleasure at the sight of "Master." "She has been with me twenty years," said the latter. "I do not call her a servant, but a friend, and she does not speak of her place as a situation, but a home." A host of little feet and arms had now clustered round my friend, and bore him in triumph to the dining-room, where the wife's eye brightened with pleasure to see her "lord" return. Then came the dog with his gambols; the cat purred against his legs, and the cockatoo screamed, all eager to show their consciousness that one they loved had come back and was welcome.

Coziness beamed from every corner of the room. The hearth was swept and clean. The fire burned bright, and a lamp gave a mellow glow. A volume of history in the wife's hand showed that she had intellectual tastes; but these had not interfered with her household duties, for a repast, simple but elegant, and cooked to perfection, awaited us. The wife knew her husband's predilections, and had studied them. A friendly neigh-

bour or two looked in, in the course of the evening. Then came a piece of music from the daughters, who dropping, one a plain, and the other a fancy piece of needlework, sang and played with feeling and good taste. The boys, after their lessons had been studied, showed us their rabbits and other domestic pets; then begged for a game, which was granted. Retiring after evening prayers to my friend's handsome library, hung with a few good paintings and some choice engravings, upon my congratulations on his happiness: "Yes," he replied; "I have much to be thankful for. My wife is devoted to me. I live well within my income, and have no debt to torment me. Our house is very healthy. It was carefully examined as to its sanitary condition before we occupied it. We trouble the doctor therefore very little. My dear girls are thoroughly useful, as well as ornamental, and my boys are carefully educated, so as to prepare and fit them for their future business. We have been most particular in not petting or spoiling them by over-indulgence, and in requiring obedience; yet, as Sydney Smith recommends, we have shown them that we are always sorry to have to restrain them, and never so happy as when we can please them. I have always admired Sir Walter Scott's mode of getting the love of his children, and when at home have made it my own model. 'They had at all times,' Mr. Lockhart tells us, 'free access to his study; he never considered their little tattle as any disturbance; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would, after taking them on his knee, do so, kiss them and set them down again to their play, as if refreshed by the interruption. He considered it the

highest duty, as well as the sweetest pleasure, to be the companion of his children, while they never thought that any sport could go on in the right way unless papa were of the party, or that the rainiest day could be dull if he were at home.'

"With our domestics we have had very little trouble, for my wife has always cultivated forbearance, has paid them good wages, and, knowing that sentimental grievances are harder sometimes to bear than material ones, has given them more liberty than is usually conceded in some minor points as to dress, etc. We have been well repaid, however, for our indulgence, by their long service and real attachment; and when we quit home for our annual holiday, we leave the house in their charge. We have no anxiety while we are away, and find the door on our return fly open to receive us, before the cabman has well had time to draw up in front of it. My principle, in short, has been to manage firmly, but in love; and my plan has succeeded, for I have secured that great ingredient of happiness, *Dulce Domum*."

Christianity does the best for us here. It bases all the arrangements of a household on the love and fear of God, and this principle cements everything in harmony. It commands children to honour their parents, and parents, while maintaining authority, not to provoke their children to anger, masters to deal with their servants, as having themselves a Master in heaven, and servants to serve their masters, not as eye-servants, but as pleasing Christ. Thus, holy love and concord flow like a stream through the family where these principles govern, and where the things that are seen and temporal are subordinated to those that are unseen and eternal.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PALATE AND ITS CLAIMS.

It would be a curious spectacle to visit in succession the meat, game, poultry, fish, fruit, vegetable, tea, coffee, spice, cheese, butter, and other markets of London; then to survey the vaults of the London Docks, with their miles of pipes of wine; our great breweries, with their vatted stores of homelier liquors; our manufactories of non-alcoholic beverages; and afterwards, to pass on to the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, and to see it ablaze with light, its tables garlanded with flowers, and its walls resonant with music, whilst five hundred guests partook of a banquet. We should then have a vivid impression of the important part which, rightly or wrongly, eating and drinking take in the enjoyment of life. We gather, indeed, the momentous part which the palate plays among the lowest sections of society, when we hear a Liverpool magistrate saying, that most of the domestic quarrels that came before him originated either in want of food, or in want of skill to cook it.

Nature has indulgently given us the sense of taste, and has endowed food with pleasant flavours, instead of making us eat from mere necessity. What would have

been the case had the palate been, as an epicure wished it, a mile long, we can hardly say, for even now devotion to its gratification has produced an army of worshippers, whose god is their belly. Stories are on record of a gourmand ordering four turkeys for his own dinner, that he might have a certain titbit out of each. Mr. Rogerson, of the last century, wasted a large fortune in culinary excesses, having messengers con-



GARIBALDI'S SUPPER.

tinually travelling to bring him rare delicacies, and employing three cooks to dress one particular dish. Other anecdotes of a similar kind abound, till we are reconciled by the narratives of such waste and epicureanism, to the story attributed to Garibaldi, who, when staying at a grand mansion, declined supper, as he had previously supped off a part of a crust of bread, and when asked next morning to a sumptuous breakfast,

declined also to partake of it, as he had already break-fasted off the remainder of the crust.

With some individuals, eating forms the season when, in the exercise of hospitality, the interchange of pleasant social feelings takes place; it is then refined from a coarse to a delicate enjoyment. Such entertainments differ, however, widely in character. A friend of Francis De Sales has described a dinner given by the great Carlo Borromeo, at which he was present, and which the latter, who was jealous of any expenditure that did not benefit the poor, considered an unusually splendid festivity. A half-hour's reading of Scripture preceded the dinner, and prepared the guests for higher thoughts than mere appetite. Then came five spoonfuls of vermicelli soup to each guest. The second course was preceded by a small boiled chicken, and consisted of three balls of mincemeat and herbs about as big as a poached egg. Then a thrush, served up with an orange. After that each guest had a small uncooked pear, and a tiny scrap of cheese. The plates and dishes were of ordinary white earthenware. "This great festival," adds the narrator, "did not make us heavy or unfit for work afterwards." The whole of this simple scene contrasts strongly with "the family dinner," as the host called it, given by the late Emile Girardin in Paris to Charles Dickens, "the most wonderful feast," the latter says, "ever tasted by mortal," with its ten thousand wax lights, its expensive truffles, its delicate cookery, the finest growths of champagne in ice, brandy that had been buried a hundred years, port wine worth two guineas a bottle, oriental flowers in vases of gold cobweb, cigarettes from the Sultan's palace, and cool drinks, in which the flavour of the lemon, arrived

yesterday from Algeria, struggled voluptuously with the delicate orange brought that morning from Lisbon. Without coveting such displays of luxury, the man who is content with the rational enjoyment of his food, though, like the late Dr. Leifchild, he may not object on some rare and proper festive occasion to "astonish his stomach," will be satisfied with simple nutritious fare. While shunning gluttony and epicureanism, however, he will be desirous that his food should be well and pleasantly cooked, for though the stomach ought not to be pampered, neither ought it to be regarded, as it is sometimes in this country, as a mere patent machine for breaking up all sorts of hard, indigestible substances.

Sir William Temple's caution also is still, after two centuries, worth remembering—that when we are asked to indulge in eating what nature does not require, it is as it were being solicited to partake of gout, paralysis, or apoplexy. No better sauce has, in truth, during the ages, been found out than hunger, and no better companion to a dinner-table than temperance. On every dish and on every cup, a writer has well said, let the word "Moderation" be engraved.

These cautions are even more necessary when we come to speak of stimulants. If gluttony has slain its thousands, strong drink has slain its tens of thousands. A writer has represented Satan in Pandemonium as asking his fallen spirits whom he should send to complete the ruin of our race, and one of them, named Alcohol, replying, "Send me." With awful effect has this emissary fulfilled his mission, as broken hearts, ruined families and blighted hopes can testify. Amidst ten thousand examples of the curse of intemperance, few are more powerful than one supplied from real life,

and not from fiction, by the writer named above as the guest of Emile Girardin. A family had an income of 5000*l.* a year, but was cursed with drunkenness; brandy and champagne formed the beverages at breakfast, luncheon and dinner; one of the guests rose up at night to drain the wine decanters, and so quench his unnatural thirst; the unhappy mother and her more unhappy daughter went about the country intoxicated, and falling out of their carriage; the former at last dying, having drunk, as she expressed it, her heart away, while the guest expired from *delirium tremens*. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. The man who wishes happiness must govern his appetites, and practise temperance.

Christianity does the best for us here. While not encouraging asceticism, and while noting that Holy Writ has recorded many feasts on which God's smile rested, it yet tells us that man must eat to live, and not live to eat. It doubles, too, all true appetitive pleasure, by not only enjoining holy moderation in the gratification of it, but by giving strength to practise this command, for one of the fruits of the blessed Spirit is "Temperance." The Christian, viewing his body as a living temple, learns, whether he eats or drinks, to do all to the glory of God, and will not by intemperance wilfully and wickedly burn away health in mad waste.

An incident recorded by the Rev. Thomas Scott, the commentator, in his biography will appropriately conclude this chapter. Having been invited to meet some brother ministers for purposes of mutual edification at the house of a wealthy Christian tradesman, their host served up, in the fulness of his heart, a dinner so luxurious that one of the company jocularly

remarked, that if they often sat down to such a repast, gout would soon become one of the privileges of the Gospel. . After the cloth was removed, the subject selected for conversation was the danger of conformity to the world. When it came to the turn of Mr. Scott to speak, the expensive dinner did not escape his notice, and he frankly stated that he thought that, however proper such entertainments might be on certain occasions, they were out of place when Christians met, as they were doing, to edify one another; that then the provision should be simple, that there might be the means of more abundantly feeding the poor. When he next dined at the gentleman's house, he found there was no occasion to repeat his strictures, as his host had gone to the opposite extreme, a piece of plain boiled beef forming the sole dish on the table. When this gentleman subsequently died, however, he left Mr. Scott a legacy of a hundred pounds, as a practical proof that his sturdy fidelity of character had not offended him.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOMETHING TO WEAR.



ON walking round a zoological garden, the most common spectator must be struck with the extent to which Nature has provided for the gratification of the eye,

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by the beauty of the clothing which she has given to animals in the shape of feathers and furs. Some of the birds of paradise eclipse the efforts of art to imitate their elegance of adornment. Even the common raven, with its coat of jet black, is a comely object when closely examined. The beautiful pelisses of furred skin which some of our dogs and cats wear are familiar objects to us. The microscope reveals a similar condition of things among insects. The diamond beetle is more gorgeously arrayed than was Prince Esterhazy in his celebrated pearl-embroidered suit, which, as used to be said, cost him 100*l.* per day, from the valuable stones that were dropped from it each time that he wore it.

Clothing is not an unimportant item in the enjoyment of life. We may smile with pity at the figure of the Indian lady in the South Kensington Museum, dressed in gold cloth, with jewels in her ears, jewels in her nose, jewels on her ankles, and jewels on her toes. We may pity the man-millinery that made George IV. keep all the suits he had worn for years, and call for them occasionally, as if he had been a tailor instead of a monarch; but there is a medium between such examples, and the indifference to dress exhibited by Frederick the Great, who went about with lack-lustre boots, a waistcoat pocket full of snuff, and a cocked hat of the shabbiest sort; having, we believe, only one pair of silk stockings used for state occasions. However much dress has been abused by vanity, it communicates both to the wearer and observer a certain pleasure; while even in Addison's time, his banker, he tells us, addressed him "Mr." or "Esquire," according as he had on good or shabby attire. We have not all that natural grace of figure possessed by an American

divine, who, when he put on a plain brown suit, to please some brethren who thought he dressed too fashionably, still looked so well that his objectors were compelled to say that he would appear a gentleman, however simply he attired himself.

The first point in dress is that it should promote health and cover a clean body. When these points have been attended to, the quality of the material, the nature of its colour and good taste in the make of it may without impropriety be studied. Vanity in dress is a principle sure to mislead; whereas, to dress ourselves simply, unostentatiously, but with proper taste, communicating satisfaction to our neighbours' eye, may be termed one of the small kindnesses of life. Care in the management of clothing is also a principle as commendable as slovenliness is objectionable. When Vambéry, the traveller, was going through Turkistan, he disguised himself in rags, as a beggar, and joined in this costume a group of other beggars, who were to accompany the caravan. Next day, however, he found that the rags in which his companions had been dressed were their *best* rags, and that in a spirit of a careful economy these had been exchanged for their every-day rags, while their owners were surprised at the disguised traveller's extravagance in continuing to wear rags of so good a quality. The beggars of Turkistan had learned the valuable habit of taking care of their clothes.

The tendency of modern dress among the male portion of our population has been, as our artists complain, to run into an inelegant plainness of colour, almost everything having been sacrificed to utility. Among the female portion of the community, variety of colour is, however, still preserved; but a tendency to

dress gaudily and extravagantly is noticed by satirists as characterising some ladies. A witty American writer has given a dialogue between a husband and his wife, when the latter is asked to accompany the former somewhere :

"She looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, 'Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there,
But really and truly I've nothing to wear."

The husband suggests timidly, "Wear your crimson brocade," but gets the reply :

"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk."

"That's too heavy."

"Your pink."

"That's too light."

After running over a catalogue of other dresses, to which similar objections are made, the perplexed husband at last names one in which the lady has appeared at the Parisian court. But, alas !

"Both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce explanation,
'I have worn it three times, at the least calculation.'"

Sportive as these lines are, they ingeniously rebuke a habit of extravagance which, when indulged in, leads to much domestic sorrow.

A great authority on ladies' dress, speaking of his ideal dresser, says : "You see her turn a cold eye to the assurance of shopmen and the recommendation of milliners. She wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty ; many an old one, but it is always good. She deals in no gaudy confusion of colours, nor does

she affect a studied sobriety. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her." What natural good taste, indeed, may accomplish in dress without extravagance, appears from the anecdote told of Mrs. Carlyle's mother, who as a surgeon's wife, not having much money to spend on her attire, got her daughter to sew on to it some moss and ivy leaves, which excited universal admiration, and were taken to be a French trimming of the latest fashion. The celebrated Duchess of Gordon is said to have made the conquest which secured her ducal position, by wearing some wooden shavings round her bonnet in lieu of expensive ribbons she was unable to purchase.

The true principle of dress, we repeat, is to shun vanity, ostentation and extravagance, and substitute for these good taste and modesty. Those who violate these rules, and are wedded to extravagant expenditure, may wisely ponder the caution of the American satirist, already quoted :

"Raise the rich dainty dress and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark den, climb the rickety stair,
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.
Then home to your wardrobes, and say if you dare,
Spoiled children of fashion, you've nothing to wear."

Christianity does the best for us here. It looks through the hollow tawdriness with which, under the mark of pompous dress, men have endeavoured to disguise the vanities of life. "I was in the King's robing chamber," writes John Wesley, under date of December, 1756, "when the King, George II., put on his robes. His brow was much furrowed with age, and

quite clouded with care. And is this all the world can afford? A blanket of ermine round his shoulders, so heavy and cumbersome he can scarce move under it, a huge mass of borrowed hair, with a few plates of gold and glittering stones upon his head."

By cutting up vanity from the root, Christianity destroys that ostentation which is the secret both of vulgarity and extravagance in dress. It then can safely leave its followers free to attire themselves according to the reasonable requirements of their station in life—reminding, as it does, the female sex, that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is more precious than any external adornment.

CHAPTER XX.

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND.

MR. CHARLES ROLLINGSTONE has been a great traveller. He has been, indeed, in almost all quarters of the world, and is qualified for admission to the Travellers' Club.

Possessed of an independent fortune, and dissatisfied with fogs and some other things in his native England, he determined to try for himself the effects of foreign travel before finally settling. He tried France, but had hardly begun to fix himself there, before the Franco-German War broke out, and made the place too hot to hold him. He had been in America previously, but the great internecine struggle between North and South had sickened him of a Republic. He now repaired to South America, but a new revolution in those days seemed to come almost with every departure of the mail. Taking the steamer, he arrived at one of the Sandwich Islands. He appeared, from the beauty of the verdure, and the mildness of the air, to have reached Paradise, till one morning a vast tidal wave coming into the place and sweeping off some hundred of the inhabitants, sickened him of his quarters. At another island, he was more fortunate, till one evening

he was awoke by the volcano behind his house overflowing in a stream some twelve miles long, and threatening to make the spot another Pompeii. Taking to his voyaging again, he seemed to reach a second Paradise, till an earthquake shook everything to pieces, and a tornado following nearly blew the house about his ears. In one country he found the ground like a flower-garden; but his raptures were cooled, when he discovered that he could not walk abroad without danger of treading on a serpent. In another place there was such drought, that a tumbler of water was handed about as a luxury, like a glass of champagne elsewhere. Not liking this state of things, he moved on, and arrived at a region where the fortune of an umbrella-maker would perhaps have been made, for it rained without intermission for two or three months. In one country he was thirty miles from his nearest neighbour. In another, where there was more society, he could not express his opinions freely without fear of being tarred and feathered, wounded with a bowie-knife or shot by a revolver. In one place, where he thought of taking a tract of very fertile country, he found that the government by oppressive taxation swept away nearly all his profits, and that so little protection was there for property, that robbers threatened, unless he paid them a heavy black-mail, to carry him off prisoner and cut off his ears. Then there were famines in one land, and the dreaded plague in another.

The upshot of all Mr. Rollingstone's travels has been that he has returned to England, a much more wise and contented man than he was when he left it. The fogs he used to grumble at he can now bear, and even thinks, as an eccentric old gentleman did, that they

solidify the national character. At all events, Mr. Rollingsstone is quite satisfied that though happiness depends much on the country in which a man resides, yet that every place has its advantages as well as its drawbacks; that peace, law, and order are the essentials of national prosperity, and that it is the duty of every man to strive to promote these qualities, and thus show himself a good citizen, advancing the welfare of the community in which he lives.

Mr. Rollingsstone in his adventures, as above narrated, has enjoyed one pleasure of life to which a passing reference may be made; we mean that of travel. It is a very healthy recreation to see foreign scenes, with their varied objects of interest. The whole mental constitution is refreshed by such a change. When Miss Havergal visited Switzerland, she thus enthusiastically expressed herself: "I feel as if I got quite a fresh start with that month's rest. It seems as if Nature had then walked into my brain, and taken possession, turning me out meantime, and given it a kind of spring cleaning; rubbing up the furniture, fresh-papering some of the rooms, and cleaning the windows." It is necessary, however, to have eyes to appreciate Nature, to get those advantages. "She never looks," writes Lady Malmesbury of her companion in a travelling carriage, "she never looks at anything, but works in the carriage all day long. She will not even go to Chamouni, like that other lady, who, passing through the sublimest mountain scenery, kept her eyes shut, declaring it too beautiful to look upon." This pleasure of travel may in a greater or less degree be enjoyed nowadays by all classes, while those who are denied it may, at all events, journey to every part of the world,

through the medium of the panorama, not annoyed by fatigue, passports, weather or expense. The stay-at-home individuals have also the satisfaction of knowing that the pleasantest place which the traveller sees is home, on his return to it. "We get," wrote Mr. Dickens, when returning from his first visit to America, "we get fevered with anxiety for home. Oh! Home, home, home, home, home, home, HOME!!!!!!!"

Christianity does the best for us here. A Christian cannot dwell anywhere where God is not present, and this is a consideration which reconciles him to all localities. In the words of Madam Guyon, he can say,

"To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime.
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."

In all countries where he may be settled, he has principles that make him a law-abiding citizen, and constitute him one of that class out of which strong, enduring and self-governed communities are formed.

His occasional changes of scene in travel, too, will be sweetened by having been preceded by labour that has honestly earned relaxation, while they will be made pleasant in the retrospect, by the attempts at usefulness, with which, if wise, he will endeavour to season them.

CHAPTER XXI.

BY ACCIDENT.

ON visiting on one occasion the beautiful coast of Aberdour, opposite Edinburgh, we wandered with great satisfaction through the exquisitely lovely grounds, which a nobleman has there with true generosity thrown open to the public. They wound along the margin of the Firth of Forth, studded with its opal-looking islands, while across, softened by distance, rose Arthur's Seat and "mine own romantic town," in all its radiant beauty. The scene was paradisiacal. A neat mansion indicated the abode of the nobleman's agent, who was practically the owner of this lovely spot, while a pleasant yacht, anchored in the vicinity, showed what charming marine excursions he might have, when he chose to leave the lovely shore for the equally lovely deep. The picture of the gentleman's felicity seemed complete; but, alas! two days afterwards, the newspapers announced that he had been killed by a railway accident.

An accident! This is as fatal to the enjoyment of life as any violation of the laws of health. Our recent reference to travel too naturally introduces us to the subject. But where may it not creep in? A little

regiment of innocent pleasure-seekers go for a holiday down the Thames, and just as some of them are in the act of saying, what a delightful day they have spent, five hundred find a watery grave by the sinking of the vessel, the *Princess Alice*. The secretary of a great religious society refreshes himself after his labours, by a bath in the cool waters of one of our Cumberland lakes, and cramp terminates his life. A tourist climbs the airy Matterhorn, and tumbles a corpse down its precipice. A Duke of an ancient family has a magnificent fête, to celebrate the christening of his long-expected heir, and the infant is found suffocated in the costly mantle wrapped round it to protect it from the cold. A family party is enjoying itself at table, but there is "death in the pot," a poisonous plant having been mistaken for horse-radish. A blast of foul air streams through a mine, and hundreds of blackened corpses tell the result. A jovial hunting party dismount, and take boat with their horses to cross the river Ouse, which had interrupted their sport, but a heathen poet would have said that Charon had entered the boat also, for it upsets, and, instead of renewing their pursuit of the fox, they are ferried over to the unknown continent of death. A gay company at Nice repair to the Opera House, there to be entertained by a concert, but, alas! a fire breaks out, and the sweet notes of music are replaced by the agonizing screams of pain and wail of death.

Marriage is the chartered season of festivity, and yet how even here has accident intruded! At Windermere they point to the spot where a boat with a bridal party was upset and all drowned. Mr. Kingsley tells us of a woman in the West Indies, trampling on a venomous

snake, just after she had left the church a happy bride, and dying from the reptile's bite. In Essex, at a gentleman's country seat, a fire follows a wedding festivity, and consumes in its unrelenting blaze the newly-married bride and bridegroom. In a humbler circle, one girl that we knew, a servant, goes out in the evening to buy her wedding bonnet, and dies before the next morning. Instances, however, need not be multiplied. Death is a mansion with a thousand gates, and its gloomy dance, as painted by Holbein, still goes on, a danger of its unexpected intrusion lurking in every scene. Care and foresight can, it is true, do something to avert accident, though what the Ancients called *Destiny*, and we more correctly name *Providence*, has also much to do with it. One individual is called away by accident and another spared, in a manner that arrests the attention of the most thoughtless. An admiral who lived till he was ninety, was at the battle of Trafalgar as a midshipman. While he was watching from a porthole, with boyish bravado, the mode in which the shots were flying about, a brother midshipman exclaimed, "It is my turn to look now," and pulling him back, took his place, when a cannon ball immediately carried off his head! Though reasonable care and prudence will do something, as we have said, to prevent accident, and ought to be carefully practised, yet the saying is evidently not without its truth in the battle of life, that "every bullet has its billet."

Christianity does the best for us here. While guarding us from careless presumption, it teaches us dependence on Divine Providence, which watches over the minutest events of life, and especially cares for those who seek to love God and obey Him. Cecil, the pious

biographer of Newton, when he fell under a waggon, found that his imperilled head had escaped injury through the wheel of the vehicle having been lifted over it by an inequality in the paving of the street. "I was sitting one day," Mr. Wilberforce says, "by the river-side, with my back to the water, on a portable seat, when it suddenly struck me it was not quite safe. I moved therefore a few yards, and placed my stool on the grass, when in four or five minutes it suddenly broke, and I fell flat on my back as if shot. Had it happened five minutes sooner, as I cannot swim, I must have been drowned. A most providential escape. Let me praise God for it." Similar cases are found in many religious biographies, such as Mr. Vanderkiste, rescued when seemingly hopelessly lost in the wilds of Australia, — Mr. Dallas, saved from a precipice by an opportune flash of lightning,—and Doctor Guthrie prevented from sliding down a rock into the sea, by having on that morning a new pair of shoes, which clung to the crevices. In the writer's own family, the fall of one broad drop of rain, announcing apparently a coming storm, prevented the embarkation of a relative in a steamer, which perished with the loss of a hundred lives.

PART II.
THE MAN WITHIN.

THE MAN WITHIN.

WHEN James Boswell conducted Dr. Johnson about Scotland a hundred years ago, he led him to what he considered, no doubt, as not the least interesting part of the journey, his father's ancestral house of Auchinleck. There Boswell swelled with all the elation peculiar to his oddly-formed character, at the thought that he was able to show his "guide, philosopher and friend" the mansion of a real Scottish laird, the lineal descendant of what he so dearly prized, an old aristocratic family. Over the lintel of that house was a Latin inscription, which Dr. Johnson read, and which, when rightly studied, rebuked all Boswell's petty fuss about trifles.

It was a sentence of Horatian philosophy, which intimated that a wise man was independent of external circumstances, and that not only in that mansion, but even in the desert itself, he might command everything that was necessary to happiness, provided only his mind was properly regulated.

We come now in our little treatise to speak of happiness, as residing in the mind, and dependent on our management of that mysterious portion of our nature. It is a great and important division of our subject, and is therefore well deserving of this little introduction.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott visited the Bodleian Library at Oxford for the first time, and examined the various stores of learning treasured up there in manuscript and printed volumes, he said that he felt like the Persian magician, who entered an enchanted library in the bowels of a mountain, and willingly suffered himself to be enclosed in its recesses, while less eager students retired in alarm. Sir Walter but echoed the experience of King James I., who, when he visited the same library nearly two centuries before, exclaimed, "If I were to be a prisoner, I would desire no other prison but this library, and would wish to be chained together with so many good authors." Such feelings would now-a-days be intensified by the visitor, after leaving the Bodleian, repairing to the adjoining Museum, and deriving from a personal examination of the objects there, that knowledge which in the other place he had gathered from books.



BUFFON IN HIS GARDEN.

These remarks bring us to the first great source of mental pleasure, the acquisition of knowledge. It is a sad thing to wander through this wonderful world, and to have no desire to commune with the million of objects which everywhere invite us to study and explore them. Thomas Carlyle said that he felt in a country walk as if the very insects that hummed past him wished to make his acquaintance. And so it is with everything in Nature's great encyclopædia, from the letter A to Z. The sun begs us to examine him through the spectroscope. The twinkling stars, the sounding ocean, are equally impatient of our acquaintance, and, with countless other objects, offer to enrich us with pleasing and useful knowledge.

Of the pleasures that the observation of nature brings with it, we have many illustrations from the days of Newton—so interested in his great discoveries as to be compelled from agitation to entrust his pen to another, in order to complete the final calculations that proved their correctness—down to Edwardes, the naturalist of our own times, saved from committing suicide by his eager pursuit of a rare bird, which providentially flew past him, and roused him from his dangerous depression.

Next to the pleasures of collecting knowledge seems the gratification of imparting it. Few pictures are more enjoyable than that which has been preserved of Buffon, composing his work on natural history amidst the groves and gardens of his rural retreat, now listening in the calm of the early morning to the carolling birds, now committing a thought to paper, and then declaiming to himself the beautiful and musical sentences he had framed. And when a great book has been given

to the world, what a pleasure it communicates to an appreciative reader! One who came across a book of this description has likened his feelings to the raptures of an astronomer discovering a new star, or to the surprise of Pizarro's followers, on first from the mountain-top discovering the Pacific Ocean.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet comes within his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eye
He stared at the Pacific; and all the men
Looked at each other with a wild surprise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Lord Brougham wished that every cottager might read Bacon; Cobbett, on the contrary, that he might eat bacon. Both wishes are good, and not necessarily incompatible. Books know no distinction of society. The rich man in ancient Rome had a living library, in the shape of slaves, each of whom was trained to repeat to him from memory a particular book of the Iliad. But the library in this case might be sulky, or suffering from a cold, and might therefore not perform its functions. The poorest cottager in modern times, however, may have in his little book-case great authors, who will come to him when called, with their choicest thoughts, remain with him a long or a short time, as he pleases, and never be displeased when he lays them down. Of good books, indeed, it may be said, as was beautifully said of Macaulay's books, "They fill the mind with noble and graceful images; stand by us in all vicissitudes; are comforters in sorrow; nurses in sickness; companions in solitude; old friends never seen with new faces; the same in wealth, in poverty, in glory and obscurity."

There is a great pleasure, we may add, in collecting even a small library, and occasionally clothing a favourite author in a dress of beauty becoming his merits; though we may not be able to rival the collection made by Longfellow's Student, of whom it is said,

"Books were his passion and delight,
And on his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight.
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome."

Christianity does the best for us here. It prohibits intercourse with corrupting, foolish and frivolous knowledge, but, with this limitation, throws open the whole circle of literature and science to us, while it makes all that is thus learned strengthen the mind and lead to the study of the sacred Scriptures, which still prove to those who read them aright, to be, as Augustine expressed it, "Sweeter than all honey; pleasanter than all bread; more cheering than all wine."

Christianity throws open, too, all the pleasures of literary composition to its followers, with this proviso, that they pen no line they would not like to meet at the judgment-seat of God. Buffon's morning pleasures, to which we have alluded, may be put alongside of those of Albert Barnes (without equalling them), as he rose each morning at four o'clock to write his well-known commentary on the Scriptures; writing his allotted portion till the clock struck nine, and finishing it then, even in the midst of a paragraph or sentence. He was permitted, he says, to prevent the dawning of the morning, while the inhabitants of a great city were slumbering around, and considered

these seasons the happiest of his life. It could not be said of his literary pursuits, as it can be of some others,

“Study, when to no useful end designed,
Is but a specious trifling of the mind.”

Nor could he reproach himself when dying, as the great Dr. Johnson did, that amidst all his reading of other books, he had not studied his Bible more.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSATION.

AN interesting exhibition of automata, on one occasion, contained a curiosity in the shape of a figure, that, by a complicated adjustment of mechanism, was able to utter a few sounds in imitation of the human voice. The attempt, however, only revealed the immense distance between the highest attainments of mechanical skill and the easiest performances of man's tongue. Though the parrot, the starling, and a few other animals, have been able to give out a simple word or two, yet to man alone belongs the gift of speech, enabling him to hold converse with others, and exchange in social intercourse the smart dialogue, the brilliant repartee, the lively sally, or the solid argument.

So essential is the interchange of speech to happiness, that even in prisons their inmates have learned by a series of knocks against walls to hold a laborious series of communications with their fellow captives. Observation and reading are the great springs by which conversation is fed, and some minds, when thus stored, are like musical instruments which have but to be touched to emit beautiful notes. A visitor at Sir Walter Scott's country-seat had a treat when Sir

Humphry Davy, conversing with the host, the two great minds blended in a conversation that kept the circle up listening to it long beyond the usual hour for retiring, and forced Willie Laidlaw to wonder whether Bacon and Shakespeare ever met in a similar manner, to polish up each other's understandings. James Watt's mind was so filled with useful ideas, that Jeffrey compared him to an encyclopædia, which could be turned up at any letter. Macaulay's conversation was a marvel to listen to. These men had memories which were "wax to receive, marble to retain."

Conversation should be profitable, for words are winged seeds, and no one can tell where they may alight, and what fruit they may bring forth. So conscious was Mr. Wilberforce of this truth, that, when invited to dinner-parties, he always furnished himself with what he called "launchers," or topics fitted to lead the way to pleasant but useful converse.

Conversation should not be conducted under the dominion of selfishness. It was a beautiful trait of Sir Walter Scott, that, in a company where all were eager to listen to him, he sat close to the ear-trumpet of a deaf man, and gave him a liberal share of the talk. It is also an act of true courtesy to permit others to take a fair portion of the conversation. Lord Brougham, one evening in Edinburgh, talked so much, that Lord Campbell says, you could only get in a word when he was out of breath. "I spent an hour one evening with a person," says Mr. Spurgeon, "who did me the honour to say that he found me a very charming companion, and most instructive in conversation, yet I do not hesitate to say, that I scarcely said anything at all,

but allowed him to have all the talk to himself. By exercising patience I gained his good opinion, and an opportunity to address him on other occasions. A man at table has no more right to talk all than to eat all." Coleridge was a great offender in this respect. "I have heard him," says Carlyle, "talk with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning, whatever to any indi-



GOSSIPS.

vidual of his hearers." Carlyle admits, however, that in these monologues there arose at times out of the mist and maze, "glorious islets, balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and intelligible."

Then conversation should be free from bitterness, malice, impurity and evil speaking. It was a just but dignified rebuke which Doctor Johnson gave to a

member of his talented social circle, who delighted to say unkind things, "Sir! you seldom open your lips but to inflict pain upon the feelings of others."

When friends meet, they should, without being artificial, stiff, or formal, by a little preparation endeavour to set before one another the best products of their minds. When conversation is thus lifted above the commonplace, when each in the company give and get their proper slice of it, and all is natural, and there is no desire to speak for effect, it becomes a cheap but very important ingredient in human enjoyment.

Christianity does the best for us here. It banishes from the tongue all conversation that is corrupting, unkind or injurious, while it by no means excludes vivacity or any topic that is worth having, or which admits of being "seasoned with salt." Of Mr. Wilberforce, as a converser, it was said, even in his old age, "If he was lighted up, and in a small circle where he was entirely at his ease, his powers of conversation were prodigious; a natural eloquence was poured out, strokes of gentle playfulness and satire fell on all sides, and the company was soon absorbed in admiration."

Christianity gives, too, its followers, at proper times, the important grace of silence, and a pleasure unknown to the world—in heavenly topics of conversation, such as the love of God, the compassion of the Saviour, the grace of the Spirit, and the glories of heaven—subjects not dull or distasteful, but, in the language of Milton,

"Musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

CHAPTER III.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

ONCE when on a visit to the English Lakes, as we rested in the comfortable inn at charming Lowood, beside the serene shores of Windermere, we were struck towards midday with the splendid effects which nature was producing for the gratification of our eye. As the sun stole gradually up a high-peaked hill in the foreground, the mountain was lighted up with beauty, till at last, when the monarch of day had fully gained the ascendancy, crag and sunbeam were so fused together in a flood of splendour that the whole mountain mass was transfigured into a thing of glory. At evening, again, when the moon rose, gleaming like a silver lamp, with an attendant star in the background, and all was reflected in the lake below, another scene of beauty, stiller, but scarce less fair than the preceding one, was introduced to the wondering eye.

These and a thousand other effects in nature bring us to another mental pleasure, the perception of the beautiful. The sea in repose or agitation, the river rolling rapidly or peacefully gliding, the mountains dark with fir or clothed with velvet, the plain waving with corn or besprinkled with flowers, the clouds floating

in fantastic forms—these and many similar objects give, from their beauty of shape and colour, an endless feast to an eye trained to observe them. Then there are the grander phenomena of nature, that elevate or awe while they please. “The dream of all my life,” says a gifted writer, “is realized, and I have seen snow mountains! And I am not disappointed, not in the very least—they are just as pure and bright and peace-suggestive as ever I dreamt them.” At the Cincinnati Observatory, Sir Henry Holland tells us, that under a sky of intense blue, he had a view of the nebulae and double stars, before which all earthly landscapes became insignificant. When Miss Bird stood at the volcano at Hili, she and her party wept and were speechless, for there had been added to the earth, as it seemed to them, a new glory and a new terror, which for grandeur, majesty, mystery and beauty were indescribable.

Few qualities add more to the quiet enjoyment of life than the perception of the beautiful in nature. When we are exhilarated, it increases our hilarity; when we are depressed, it soothes us. In the language of a poet,

“With tender ministrations thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distracted child.
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms and breathing sweets,
The melody of woods, and winds and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and dissonant thing
Amidst the general dance and minstrelsy.”

These refreshing influences must be still more intensely felt in countries where nature has been exceptionally bountiful in physical enjoyment. “The atmosphere and scenery,” says Miss Bird, speaking of her

residence in a certain part of Hawaii, among the Sandwich Islands, "were so glorious that it was possible to think of nothing all day, but just allow oneself passively to drink in sensations of exquisite pleasure. I wish all the hard-worked people at home, who lead joyless lives in sunless alleys, could just have one such day, that they might know how fair God's earth is."

By means of art, also, this perception of the beautiful is repeated to us in the form of painting, poetry, architecture, and other kindred accomplishments. These are so well known that it is sufficient to name them here as sources, when properly used, of innocent pleasure. What enjoyment to the educated eye even a piece of stained glass may give, the following passage will show. It is extracted from a description given by Mr. Beckford of his visit to a Portuguese monastery. "No tapestry," he says, "however rich, no painting, however vivid, could equal the gorgeousness of tint and the splendours of gold and ruby light which streamed from the long series of stained windows. It played flickering about in all directions on pavement and roof, casting over every object millions of glowing mellow shadows, ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches, swayed to and fro by the breeze. We all partook of these tints. The white monastic garments of my conductors seemed as it were embroidered with flowers of Paradise, and our whole procession kept advancing, invested with celestial colours." Such a passage may well make us reflect on God's goodness, in the gift of vision.

Christianity does the best for us here. It refines the mind, and gives it a higher perception of nature and art, by associating them with the God of beauty as the

author of all. When the soul is reconciled to God, through faith in the blood of Christ, and has the purifying indwelling of the Holy Spirit, it feels a filial relation to the Most High, which enables it to enjoy God's works in a new manner.

"My eyes," said Richard Heber, when ascending the Himalayas, "filled with tears; everything around was so wild and magnificent, that man appeared as nothing, and I felt myself as if climbing the steps of God's great Temple." Such, too, were Miss Havergal's feelings when she visited the Swiss mountains, and thus wrote :

"Sunshine and silence on the Col de Balm!
I stood above the mists, above the rush
Of all the torrents, when one marvellous hush
Filled God's great mountain temple, vast and calm,
With hallelujah light, a seen but silent psalm."

CHAPTER IV.

THE HARMONIOUS.

IN a scientific department of the Kensington Museum there was once to be seen the tiny telescope through which Galileo got his first glimpse of the magnitude of the heavenly bodies. The spectator, as he looked upon it, could not forget that a new continent of knowledge had been opened up by this little tube. Scarcely less interesting is it for an admirer of music to see in the same building a small harpsichord, and to learn that it is the instrument on which Handel first played those grand melodies, which to the artistic ear have opened up a fresh world of music.

He who spread nature's banquet, not content with endowing sound with useful properties, has filled the air with harmony; and to evoke this is no small addition to enjoyment. Let us not pass through life like some who are said to see little difference between the notes of a saw and a fiddle, or like the African chief who, when taken to a concert, admired chiefly the tuning of the instruments.

If, as the poet says, the music of the spheres cannot now be heard through the grossness of our senses, the attentive listener can detect soft harmonies in nature

which escape the careless auditor. "The murmuring of the wind," says an American writer, "the rustling of foliage, the gurgling of streams, the bubbling of fountains, come upon the ear like the music of early days." Then there are louder melodies: the wind peals in the storm like a trumpet, or in gentler mood plays with the trees as on the keys of some soft-sounding instrument. Old Ocean's roar falls upon the soul like a voice from eternity. Echo and reverberation play also grand parts in nature's orchestra, when in a thunderstorm the dumb Alps open their adamantine lips, and like giants speak one to another, or when, at other times, among the everlasting hills, a sound so soft as a lady's laugh may produce such a scene as Wordsworth describes :

"The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice and laughed again.

* * * * *

Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice, and old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet."

Then almost every living thing, save the mute fish, contributes a share to nature's melody. The cricket chirps on our hearth, and in Italy is musical. The lark sings at heaven's gate; the wood-pigeon coos from the green woods; the cuckoo sings of spring's return; the blithe canary trills in its cage as if it had forgot the freedom of the fields; the blackbird and thrush chant their jocund song, while the nightingale, dear to the poet, pours its midnight lay. "Of all delights in the month of May," writes William Howitt, "listening to the nightingale is the greatest, when heard at still midnight, the moon and the stars above you filling with

lustre the clear sky, the trees lifting up their young and varied foliage to the silvery light, the deer quietly resting in the thicket shadows, and the night breeze ever and anon wafting through the air Sabæan odours."

Then what contributions art makes to melody !

"The deep-mouthed hautboys breathe,
Bassoons pour thunder, cornets mellowing speak;
Clarions ring sweetness, silver cymbals clash.
High over all with lordly voice, that tells
Of power and doom, the solemn trumpet swells."

And these are but a tithe of the instruments of music which give pleasure to the listener, from the performance of a simple violin enchanting a street crowd, up to the grand effects of a sublime organ thrilling the soul with melody. As Miss Havergal in a Swiss church listened to a simple organ—she tells us that it described a thunderstorm almost as if it had been real; first the far-off growl among the mountains, then the gradual approach, the moaning gusts of wind, the nearer rumble, the distant echoes, then the sudden awful crash overhead, and the burst of rain—all ending with voices that seemed to say: "My soul, praise the Lord."

But surpassing all is the music of the human voice in colloquy or song. Monsieur Lesseps, the cutter of the Suez Canal, has a tongue, it is said, so musical that it would be a treat to hear him say even the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. "I have heard to-night," writes a gentleman, "in a private company, — sing, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' in strains such as the heavenly host might employ." Then David's cure of Saul's melancholy by means of music finds a close parallel in modern Spanish history. "King Philip of Spain was seized with a violent depression of spirits,

which made him refuse to be shaved, and incapable of appearing in council or of attending to business. The queen, after all other methods had been tried, thought of essaying what might be effected by music. Farinelli, a celebrated singer, was invited to Spain, and placed in a room adjoining the king's apartment, where he sang one of his most captivating songs. The king appeared surprised at first, then greatly moved, and at the end of the second air summoned the musician, and loading him with compliments and caresses, asked how he could reward such talents. Farinelli, previously tutored, asked him to be dressed and shaved, which he agreed to, and from that time the disease gave way." Such is the charm of the human voice in song!

Christianity does the best for us here. It saves us from what Carlyle, adverting to Frederick the Great's musical tastes, calls "the nonsenses of the thing," such an addiction to secular music as swallows up too much precious time, and leads its votaries to scenes of frivolity or of dissipation and revelry. While, however, not demanding the exclusive devotion of music to sacred themes, it points to the consecration of it to God's praise as its highest and noblest end, an antepast of the enjoyments of the blessed above. Its language is as of old: "Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet; praise Him with the psaltery and harp; praise Him with the timbrel and dance; praise Him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise Him upon the loud cymbals; praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

CHAPTER V.

A SOUND MIND.

THE following curious scene was described to us by one who was present at it.

An assistant in a lunatic asylum had been tried for a furious assault upon one of the patients, and the judge was so struck with the clear manner in which another of the lunatics, who was called as a witness, gave his evidence, that he wondered that a man who seemingly was perfectly *compos mentis* should be still detained in keeping. The dialogue given below accordingly followed.

Judge. "You seem in a good state of health?"

Lunatic. "Yes, my lord. Some days I feel better than others, and to-day I am particularly well."

Judge. "What were you before you were placed in the asylum?"

Lunatic. "A coachman, my lord."

Judge. "And what was the name of your employer?"

Lunatic. "The devil, my lord!"

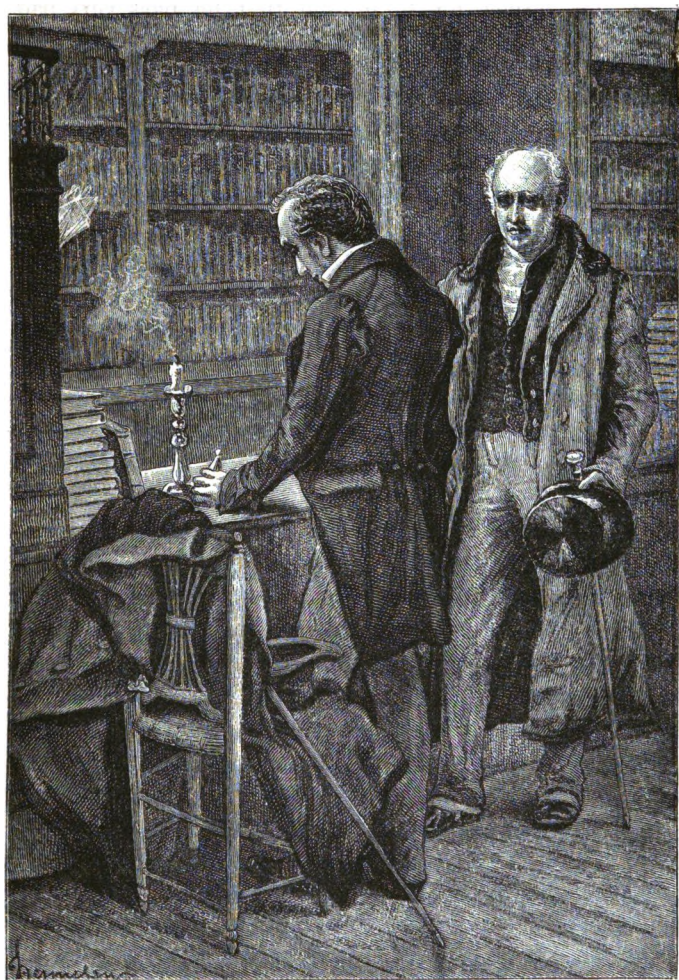
Judge (*perceiving that he had touched the weak string in the lunatic's mind*). "Oh! I have heard of him. I would advise you when you come out, not to go back

into his service, for I am told that he pays very bad wages."

This little incident brings before us the great question of mental health, so important in all that pertains to happiness, and especially in a fevered age like the present. We shall do well to use our minds' powers gently, not overstraining them by too much work, giving them ample seasons of rest, and not allowing them to be thrown off their equilibrium by any overmastering passion, such as money-making. It is of importance, indeed, that we should know a little of the nature of the leading mental powers, and the part they play in life, so as to use and enjoy them aright. We mention here a few of them.

The *Imagination* is a faculty that creates a world of its own, and gives unreal things the semblance of real. Some persons have this power much more strongly developed than others. It is said that when Wordsworth and Crabbe met in the shop of John Murray, the publisher, Crabbe put the extinguisher on a smoking taper, while Wordsworth removed it, that he might in the curling wreaths of vapour see emblems of clouds and other beautiful things. Where the one saw merely offensive smoke, the other saw loveliness. So it is in real life. Without imagination, we have only prose; with it, we have poetry with all its charms, to say nothing of the pleasures of fiction in its improving forms. It requires, however, a wise restraint.

The *Judgment* arranges ideas, weighs things in the balance, and then gives its decisions. Its scales ought to be kept carefully free from prejudice and passion. In the business of life a sound judgment plays an important part in happiness, as was realised by Lord



A PAIR OF POETS.

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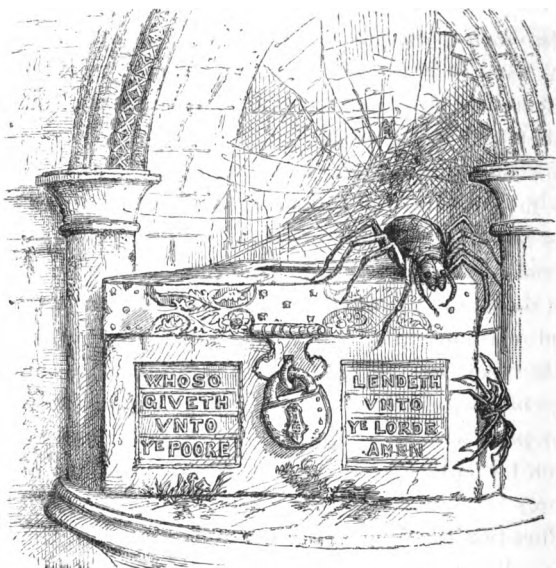
Stowell, when his brother Lord Eldon, giving him a caution as to the danger of putting all his eggs into one basket, saved him from lodging, as he had intended to do, 60,000*l.* in a bank which shortly afterwards failed.

The *Will* is an imperial faculty that governs all the others. A strong will, when directed by the judgment, is an important element in happiness, but becomes a great enemy to it when it is under the control of prejudice or passion: of Henry VIII. Cardinal Wolsey is reported to have said, "that, rather than miss any part of his will or appetite, he would put the loss of one half of his kingdom in danger."

Wit and *Humour* are faculties that, temperately and purely used, exhilarate life. If judgment arranges ideas, these faculties may be said to disarrange them, and present them in attitudes so grotesque and inverted, that the mind is amused and the risible faculty excited. Thus we smile involuntarily, as we read of the fat spider, who explained to one that was lean, that the cause of his plumpness was his good fortune in finding out a place in the church where his web could be fixed without disturbance from any persons coming near it, namely the charity-box!

Hope is a pleasing faculty, which, seated at the prow of the ship of life, notices through its sheets of iridescent glass, glorious prospects to be reached ere long, but lying in the distance. It is well to keep Hope in order, by making it draw its conclusions from experience, and not from fancy, as Dr. Johnson told a lady, who had *hoped* that he would ask the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom neither she nor he were acquainted with, to give a favour to her son, of whom the doctor and the archbishop knew nothing at all. What a pitiable thing life

becomes to those who shatter the lamp of hope, we may judge by what the Hon. Miss Auckland tells us of the convicts in an Indian prison, sentenced to remain there for life, who petitioned that the punishment might be commuted to a limited term, even if it were a hundred years, that they might at least *hope* it would one day come to an end.



THE CUNNING SPIDER.

Memory sits, to continue the simile, at the stern of the ship of life, and keeps the log-book. Happy are they who so store the pages of the book with useful information, and pleasing passages of conduct, that the leaves can bear to be turned over and read. What memory may become, when it is filled only with records of wasted opportunities, may be judged by the following

extract from Mr. Grenville's diary, after he attained his fortieth year. "Yesterday," he writes, "I was forty years old. When I reflect how intolerably these forty years have been wasted, how unprofitably spent, how little store laid up for the future, how few the pleasurable recollections of the past, a feeling of pain and humiliation comes across me, that makes my cheek burn and tingle as I write."

Association gives us delight when we come in contact with scenes or objects that have pleasant memories connected with them. Take as a specimen, William Cobbett's description of his visit, when a man, to the scenes of childhood. "Now," he said, "came rushing into my mind all at once, my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons, that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle, tender-hearted and affectionate mother." All came back again like a vision, by the spell of association, just as by the same mental law, the memory of a departed friend returned to Mr. Tennyson, when he revisited a river, along the banks of which he had walked with that friend some thirty years before.

Christianity does the best for us here. It is emphatically described as giving to us, when we trust Christ, and receive the Holy Spirit, the gift of a sound mind, freeing us from that caldron of tumultuous passions which so often throw the soul of the natural man off its balance. It is also said expressly to "cast down *imaginings*," and to bring them into captivity to Christ, cleansing and purifying and rightly directing the imagining faculty, and making it not a source of wayward dreaming or secret corruption, but, as has

been well said, a "wing to the soul, snow-white and stainless as the lily." *Judgment* it calms and enlightens, freeing it from prepossessions. In the memoir of a Christian gentleman, an employé in a government office, it is stated, that he could not account for the weight that was paid to his opinion on business, except from the fact that he continually asked in prayer the blessing and direction of God upon it. The *Will* it renews, strengthening it when feeble, and when obstinate making it yield its stubbornness to the gentle influences of the blessed Spirit. *Hope*, too, becomes under Christianity not a delusive mine, in which, as Dr. Johnson said in his fine lines on the death of Robert Levett, we delve from day to day, but a faculty which tells the believer, and tells him truly, that it is better farther on. *Memory*, too, does not contain a record of disappointments, or speak only of "fair occasion gone for ever by," but recalls many an hour of work usefully laid out for God; while, as regards *Association*, it becomes a pleasing companion with which to retrace the paths of life. *Wit* and *Humour* Christianity strips of all that is objectionable. If one wishes, indeed, to see those giddy faculties utilized, without losing any of their vigour, let him read Mr. Spurgeon's Lectures to his Students, in which there are passages equal to the flashes of a Sydney Smith, but far superior in usefulness.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME MINOR MENTAL POWERS.

FOR the symmetrical treatment of our subject, some other mental powers, illustrating the bounty of our Creator, require to be briefly noticed.

The story is well-known to many of our readers, of the young artist who carved a statue which charmed all who beheld it, so life-like did it appear. When a celebrated sculptor came, however, after examining the work attentively, he said, "It wants one thing," and went away. The young artist, afraid that his production had some unknown fault, pined under the adverse criticism, till his friends learned from the critic, that the one want which the statue had, was its inability to speak!

The pleasure which the artist gave and received arose from the imitative faculty. A walk through Kensington Museum, with its sculptures, paintings, and works of art, shows the abundant provision of innocent delight which the Creator, in the pure use of this faculty, gives to us.

The mimetic faculty (a branch of the imitative one) is also a gratuitous enjoyment, thrown in as a seasoning of life's pleasures, and is not without its utility. Some

persons possess in a rare degree the power of reproducing the voice and manner of other individuals. Thomas Carlyle greatly admired the way in which Lord Jeffrey exercised this faculty, when on a visit to Carlyle's moorland home of Craigenputtock. "He fell," he says, "into imitating public speakers, and did it with such felicity, such readiness, such ingenuity and perfection of imitation, as I never saw equalled. Our little drawing-room, bright, shining, hidden in a little wilderness, how beautiful it looked to us, became suddenly as if it were a temple of the Muses." The mimetic faculty requires, however, temperance in its use, from its liability to give offence and pain. Dr. Johnson brought an oaken stick to apply to Foote's shoulders, when he threatened to mimic him in public; and Wilberforce, even before his conversion to God, dropped, at the advice of Lord Camden, the use of this dangerous power, which he largely possessed.

The dramatic faculty imitates not an individual, but the general phases of human nature. It is to be regretted that a power which ought to have been used to give pleasure and profit, should, from the corruption of man's nature, have so largely ministered to levity, to frivolity, to the dissipation of serious thought, and occasionally even to positive immorality, as to have alienated from it the sympathies of the graver-minded portion of the community.

The faculty that constructs was beneficently intended by God to enhance the creature's comforts. It has wonders to show in its subjugation or adorning of nature in the tunnels, bridges, or aqueducts of the engineer, and in the cathedrals, temples, and villas of the architect. As illustrated, too, in our exhibitions of working

men's leisure products, the faculty of construction ingeniously amuses the spare hours of some people. Viewed as a specimen of man's skill, how wonderful is the following account of a miniature dwelling, seen at a Parisian exhibition, after occupying twenty-five years in its construction. "Every specimen of wood," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "was employed in it. The balustrades and candelabra were of brass and steel—a carpet in the saloon was a rich bit of minute artwork. There were thirteen rooms, each of which was a separate study. The roof which covered the whole was composed of 6000 separate tiles, carved in wood." Admiration at such a piece of skill, and at the bounteous stores of recreation which the lavish goodness of the Creator opens to His creatures, is of course, however, tempered by the inquiry, whether, as in the analogous case of writing the Iliad on a manuscript that could go into a walnut shell, the results attained by such ingenuity justified the consumption of time employed on them.

The mechanical faculty displays equal wonders in the amazing products of modern machinery, by which God has enabled human toil to be alleviated. A visit to Manchester, as Lord Beaconsfield said, is more suggestive of wonders than one to Athens.

The æsthetic faculty, or taste, has also its pleasures, when not carried to excess. Even of the frivolous butterfly, Beau Brummell, it can be said, that he contributed to the public good, for he had a skill in the choice of garments that fitted like a glove, instead of uncouthly hanging on the person like a sack; taste, too, made the intellectual Sybarite, William Beckford, furnish a room at Lansdowne so harmoniously, that on

entering it, the visitor paused, as if the next step would dissipate a vision of loveliness; and the like faculty made Macaulay construct sentences which had the flow of stately music. The same principle of taste enables us to enjoy the rich pleasure which the Creator has given to the eye, in grounds laid out picturesquely, as in our own familiar Regent's Park, with its water, wood, and bosky recesses, fit for the fauns and hamydryads of classic antiquity to disport themselves in. In China it would appear that beauty alone is not conferred by such places, but moral instruction is promoted also, or at least sought to be. "The Chinese garden," says a writer, "allegorizes peonies and chrysanthemums; conveys lessons in the shape of borders and parterres, and lectures by moralizing citrons and olives. The visitor saunters carelessly on till a terrific precipice, six feet high, reminds him of his moral danger. He recovers himself, pleased to find he is not yet a lapsed and ruined creature. He follows the guidance of the path till he comes to his next lesson, conveyed at a sudden turn by means of a perfect artificial wilderness, twenty yards square. He pauses, and imbibes the lesson, that the paths of pleasure lead to a barren end."

Christianity does the best for us here, even though it abridges some of the pleasures named in this section. The mimetic faculty it strips of malice and utilizes. A late Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, Mr. Jones, possessed the power in a high degree, but in his hands it only gave zest to his skill in telling some profitable anecdote or incident. Even the dramatic faculty Christianity can employ. Some years ago a Mr. W. H. Miller, a self-taught house-painter in Lambeth, under the patronage of a Christian nobleman, introduced an

entertainment in which, by means of a lively monologue, innocent music, moral songs, and scenery, he, under the title of "Honesty the Best Policy," taught useful lessons to ragged school children, and counteracted the vicious attractions of the penny gaff. In some rare and obviously exceptional cases, the dramatic power has been pressed into the service of the pulpit. Mr. Spurgeon, for instance, with his usual gifted force, has told in his interesting volume on *Eccentric Preachers*, how William Dawson, after some other preliminary illustrations, so painted the terrors of the Deluge, by stepping into his pulpit and shutting the door, that the words, "and the Lord shut him in," came with such awful force upon his hearers, that it seemed as if they felt the floor of the chapel burst up, and the water begin bubbling below, while the great water-floods poured down from above in mighty torrents, and everything warned them of the wisdom of fleeing to the arms of the Saviour, before it was, alas! too late, and the awful reality which the preacher so vivified had arrived.

All the other talents to which we have adverted Christianity will sanctify. The artistic faculty it will purify, by making the artist work for Christ. In the language of Miss Havergal to a painter who was sketching in Switzerland :

"Paint for His praise, oh, paint for love of Him,
He is thy Master, let Him hold thy hand ;
So thy pure heart no cloud of self shall dim,
At His dear feet lay down thy laurel store."

As regards good taste, Christianity is the natural ally of this faculty, refining as it does wherever it goes. In the beautifying of the earth with gardens

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and grounds, the Christian will only follow up the pleasure which he already enjoys, in making the moral wilderness to smile, and will see in fair spaces redeemed from the dominion of the thorn and the thistle, emblems of a soul beautified and ornamented by the graces of the Holy Spirit, and transformed from an arid desert to a watered garden.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SNAKES OF THE SOUL.

SOME settlers abroad on one occasion built their log huts during the period of winter. Unfortunately they had not made their excavations with sufficient care, for their fire, dreadful to relate, was kindled on a spot where in their winter sleep was a nest of rattlesnakes. Roused out of their torpor by the more than summer heat, the hideous reptiles reared their horrid crests in the habitation, otherwise so comfortable, and, until they were killed, changed the scene from that of peace into one of terror and dismay.

In dwelling for a little longer on the mental conditions necessary to happiness, we may state that it is essential that the heart should be swept clean from the passions of pride, malice, hatred, envy, anger, evil temper, and such like serpents of the soul, which can infuse their venom into the sweetest cup of life, and change nectar into gall. A man like the proud Duke of Somerset, who intimated his commands to servants by signs, because he would not condescend to speak to them, and who would not suffer his children to sit down in his presence, must have lost in affection what he gained in importance. The "envious" Kenrick,

the "savage" Wolcot, the "asp" George Stevens, the "polecat" Williams, are the dreadful epithets with which Lord Macaulay has branded some literary men of the last century, from the bitterness which they infused into their writings. The same writer, when speaking of a nobleman whose distinguished intellectual power had decayed, but whose hate remained, said, "his spite is immortal; he is a dead nettle." Of another eminent political writer, who had been soured by an unjust imprisonment, Miss Mitford wrote: "He was always a very pretty hater, but since his imprisonment, he has been hatred itself." "We want men that are good haters," was an expression used by a German Socialist, after the funeral of a deceased comrade. These instances, however, of the unamiable quality under consideration, are surpassed by what St. Simon has recorded of his malignant satisfaction, when he obtained judgment in a court of law against an opponent, who was present to see his exultation. "I swam," he says, "in my vengeance. I enjoyed the full accomplishment of the most vehement desires of my life. Insult, disdain, contempt, triumph darted from my eye. I revelled in my rage, and found pleasure in making him feel that I did so." These individuals must necessarily, while such passions were in the ascendant, have been strangers to the pleasures that the qualities of meekness, kindness, and gentleness, like sweet-smelling flowers, diffuse over the soul. They also must have been ignorant of the pure satisfaction of returning good for evil, so well illustrated by the late Dr. Guthrie, when, after being three times rudely cut in the street by a Scottish Lord of Session, he took the opportunity afterwards of finding a good



SELF-SACRIFICE.

seat in his church for his Lordship's housekeeper, accompanying the little act of kindness with some words of good will towards the offender; a piece of courtesy which so disarmed Lord Medwyn of his hostility, that he came immediately with a hearty avowal of regret for his former rudeness, and a cordial renewal of his friendship.

A writer of the Augustan age of English literature has told us that he considered himself the possessor of various parks, villas, libraries, galleries of paintings, and cabinets of curiosities, because, though not the real owner, he had access to them. But the man with a loving, unselfish disposition can say more than this; by rejoicing in the good of his neighbour, and feeling unfeignedly thankful for what that neighbour possesses, even though he does not himself share it, he can with such a spirit be said, like the great Apostle of the Gentiles walking through the sumptuous streets of Corinth, "though having nothing," yet "to possess all things." How even in modern times disinterested love to our neighbour may exist and sweeten life, is shown by an incident narrated in the anecdote books of our youth (and reproduced by Mr. Smiles in his work on Duty), of the old German farmer, who, when asked in the time of war by a foraging party, to conduct them to a field where they might cut down the crop for their use (without any remuneration to the owner), led them past his neighbour's field, though it was equally suitable for the purpose, and guided them, with sublime self-sacrifice, to his own.

Christianity does the best for us here. It washes away, where the Spirit of God dwells in the heart, all the unloving qualities which have been above

enumerated, and replaces them with humility unfeigned, forbearance, long-suffering, and the peaceful graces of the Holy Spirit, making the soul, in proportion as it enjoys them, to have a foretaste of the harmony of heaven. The late Rev. Mr. Ellis, the well-known missionary to the South Seas, says his biographer, "was constitutionally warm in temper. So completely, however, was every word and feeling subdued by his religion to gentleness of bearing, thoughtfulness of meaning and kindly considering for others, that he seemed incapable of provocation or resentment."

The late Rev. Mr. Dallas exhibited the same practical mode of forgiving injuries which Dr. Guthrie adopted, for he laboured to extinguish a fire which had broken out on the property of a farmer who had much opposed him in his parish.

Of the true Christian, it is indeed no mere fanciful assertion to make that he walks in love.

CHAPTER VIII.

DO RIGHT.

A GENTLEMAN who in the last century was entrusted with the education of some children of the English nobility, took a singular mode of impressing upon them the importance of the virtue of truth. He sought among the workhouses of London for a boy who was a great liar. Unhappily the object of his search was not difficult to find. The liar was then placed among the aristocratic circle, and commenced his practice of telling untruths, till the anticipated result followed. He was found so habitually to lie, that nobody believed him even when he spoke the truth. For the sake of his own interest, therefore, the lad at last found it necessary to give over lying, thus indicating to the gentleman's pupils the utility of truth as a social virtue, and indeed its necessity for the coherence of society.

It is hardly needful, therefore, that as the next ingredient of happiness we should mention the practice of all the social virtues, such as temperance, diligence, chastity, honesty, justice, generosity, and prudence. These qualities are obviously so necessary for the keeping together of the framework of the community, that if duty did not command them, it would be necessary

to invent them. Honour, respect, and other advantages, so closely, as a general rule, follow in their train, and shame and inconvenience so track the footsteps of those who neglect them, that even on what some consider the low ground of self-interest, the practice of the social virtues is desirable, though, as we shall see at a later stage of our work, they may at times call for sacrifices of our advantage and ease; sacrifices which are, however, much lighter to those who are of a loving disposition than to those who are selfish.

Then, again, in the practice of these qualities we escape the reproaches of conscience, that awful embitterer of evil-doing. Even a heathen poet could write :

“The vexed mind, its own tormentor, plies
A scorpion scourge, unmarked by human eyes.
Ah! me, no torture which the poets feign
Can match the fierce unutterable pain
He feels, who, night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast.”

This is no overcharged picture. Mr. Froude in his *Life of Bunyan*, records an incident illustrative of the power of conscience which took place in Bunyan's time, and which his biographer thinks must have produced a powerful effect on the mind of the Great Dreamer. A malefactor who had spent his life in crime came into an English Court of Assize while it was sitting, and there and then, urged by the upbraiding monitor within, accused himself voluntarily to the judge of a series of robberies which he had committed, and that so effectually, that an indictment being at once prepared, he was forthwith tried, condemned, and executed.

The robber in Shakespeare is made to say, that conscience compelled him once to restore a purse of

gold that he found, and that it beggars any one who keeps it. An enlightened conscience is a safe companion, however; and it is well to begin respecting it in our earliest years, if we would avoid embittering our later ones. When the great Dr. Johnson was in the plenitude of his fame, he stood with his hat in his hand for an hour in the market-place of Uttoxeter, as a sincere though eccentric expression of regret for an act of disobedience to his father given way to on that spot, fifty years before, and for which conscience still smote him. It is a terrible thing when a man, after gaining power or wealth by wrong means, is met in his retirement to anticipated ease by the inward monitor awaking from its seeming sleep, and clamouring for restitution, and when the soul has to look back on a long life spent in violation of conscience's commands. Henry Havard, in the course of his picturesque tour in Holland, visited the little village of Oost Sonburg, where, some three centuries before, Charles V. had stayed, after his resignation of imperial power, and previous to his departure for his living grave in the monastery of St. Juste. "Who shall tell," Havard says, "what were the bitter thoughts of this scourge of the Low Countries, as he walked in the shade of the cool and leafy trees!" Remorse, he conjectures, must have been there with its gloomy shadow, as memory recalled many a deed of oppression and persecution wrought by him. And wrong-doing bears equally bitter fruits in a lower stratum of society. With awful photographic power does Crabbe, "nature's sternest painter, but its best," sketch the closing days of the wicked grandsire of a gipsy tribe, and with this picture do we close these calls to a virtuous life.

"Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits,
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half supports him. He, with heavy glance,
Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years,
Ere they, like him, approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend."

Christianity does the best for us here. The soul pardoned by Christ and renewed by Divine grace, practises, in the strength of the Holy Spirit, every social duty that is lovely and of good report, not out of selfish motives, but from the generous desire to please the Saviour and adorn His Gospel in all things. It gets a peaceful conscience, too, by having it purged by faith in the blood of Christ: it keeps conscience afterwards as a friend enlightened by the Word of God, experiencing the truth, that great peace have they that love God's law, and that nothing shall offend them.

CHAPTER IX.

LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

IN the days of our youth, we met with the story of a Dutch merchant, who was accustomed to meet every trouble with the cheerful words, "There may something good come out of it yet." When on one occasion he broke his leg, and his friends were bemoaning him, he replied to their sympathies with the usual phrase, "There may something good come out of it yet;" and so it proved in the course of time. He happened afterwards to be shipwrecked on a cannibal island. His fellow-passengers were devoured in succession before his eyes, after having in the first instance been presented as an offering to the natives' god. When it came to his turn, however, to be thus offered, a scar left upon the broken limb was considered a blemish, which rendered him an unfit sacrifice. His life accordingly was saved, and he got back to his native land more convinced than ever of the truth of his maxim, and of the wisdom of cheerfully looking at the bright side of things.

This cheerful habit is indeed a great ingredient of happiness. With some individuals, cheerfulness is more or less constitutional. Mr. Pitt used to tell the story of

a French nobleman coming to him drowned in tears, at the news of the execution of Marie Antoinette, and ere the tears were dry, pulling out a little fiddle, and asking him to see how nicely his dog could dance. There are many individuals who can thus from natural temperament float like corks over waves of trouble, and whose faces shine like the countenance of the gentleman who always looked as if he had just had a fortune of 30,000*l.* left to him. Well wrote Miss Mitford: "High spirits are amongst the best of God's gifts. I had them once, but anxiety and loneliness have toned them down. The highest I ever knew were Lady Croft's. They have borne her through all sorts of calamities, her husband's sad death, the death of her favourite son, comparative poverty, every sort of trial, and still she is the most charming old lady in the world, and as active in mind and body at eighty as most girls are at eighteen."

Cheerfulness, however, is a quality which admits of cultivation. Unselfishness promotes it. When Sir Walter Scott was dull, he found that talking to please others dissipated his dulness. Innocent wit and humour will also play their part; some persons have a natural fund of these qualities, and the most trivial circumstance will develop them. A gentleman, who worked with Charles Lamb in the India House, told us that he one day lightened his prosaic labours by taking up the interest tables used in the office, and writing "that the volume was full of interest, and that, unlike too many volumes in the present day, the interest increased instead of diminishing as you proceeded." Duty well discharged, however, will be found to make a man more truly cheerful than a thousand jests will when it is

neglected, as Charles Lamb himself sometimes perhaps felt, when the convivialities of the evening did not bear the morning's reflection. Care unduly cherished is also a great enemy to cheerfulness, and we should try in a measure to imitate the art of throwing off the worries of business displayed by the great Mr. Pitt, who, when he was awoke in the night, during the mutiny of the *Nore*, to sign an order for the sinking of a ship of war that had mutinied, signed the order accordingly, and was snoring in sleep again, before the person who had brought the paper had left the apartment. Then to these recipes for cheerfulness must be added the avoidance of debt; the belief with the Dutchman of our story, "that something good may come out of it yet;" with temperance in eating and drinking, as whimsically illustrated by Sydney Smith in a manner which has its special application to such of our readers as are apt to feel drowsy on the day of rest, through the incautious indulgence of appetite: "My friend," he says, "supps late; he takes strong soup, then a lobster, then a tart, and he dilutes these esculent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him; he is going to sell his house in London and retire to the country; he is alarmed at the state of his daughter's health; his expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster; and when over-exhausted nature has had time to manage the testaceous membrane, the daughter recovers, the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind." This is sensible advice, and worth remembering, though expressed in playful language.

Christianity does the best for us here. While not

neglecting any subsidiary means of promoting cheerfulness, it applies that merry heart which maketh a continual feast, by settling on a solid ground the problems of eternity, and giving a man that true peace with God which is the grand foundation of cheerfulness. Dr. Marsh, at ninety, in the possession of this peace cheered all around him by his schoolboy glee and gladness of spirit. A Christian, too, can anchor his care on God, as caring for him, and knows that, however dark events may look, "there will something good come out of them yet," because all things, he is assured, work together for good to those who love God. It was this conviction, that made Fenelon so calm when he learned the intelligence of his library and archiepiscopal palace being burned, that a friend who had heard of the intelligence, and came to communicate the news to him, could not, on seeing his placid manner, believe that he was already aware of the calamity. Then, Christianity commands its true followers to "rejoice in the Lord always." In the language of Mr. Spurgeon, who has been so largely endowed with a cheerful spirit, "It is a very vulgar error to suppose that a melancholy countenance is the index of a gracious heart. I commend cheerfulness to all who would win souls; not levity and frothiness, but a cheerful, happy spirit. There are more flies caught by honey than with vinegar, and there will be more souls led to heaven by a man who wears heaven in his face, than by one who wears Tartarus in his looks."



CONTENTMENT.

CHAPTER X.

CONTENTMENT.

DURING the Revolutionary war in America, a few British officers, the bearers of a flag of truce, were invited by the general of the insurgents to stop and dine with him. Accepting this act of courtesy, they were ushered into a tent in which was a camp stove, before which lay an officer watching some potatoes that were being roasted. After some time had elapsed without any signs of dinner, in the shape of the table being spread with plate, as it would have been at their own luxurious quarters, the visitors were astonished when the officer before the stove wiped away the ashes from the potatoes, now sufficiently cooked, and placed the latter on the table, as the materials, along with a little salt, of the dinner for the general and his company. When they returned back to their own camp, and contrasted this simplicity of living with their own expensive fare, they reflected, and with justice, on the difficulty, with their self-indulgent habits, of maintaining a successful conflict with opponents who had learned such contentment with their circumstances.

CONTENTMENT, or the art of regulating the desires of the mind, has been from time immemorial considered

the leading ingredient of happiness, as is evident by the saying, that has so long passed current, "A contented mind is a continual feast." It was said of a speaker in the House of Commons, who was reputed to be rather vain, that after speaking, he seemed to sit down, as if he were like the Hindu deity, Brama, satisfied in himself; and to be thus satisfied from within, and to have few or no desires for exterior things, was once looked upon as the ideal of what contentment should be. This, however, was really an absurdity. To be without any desires would make man like a log upon stagnant waters, whereas to have healthy desires, and to seek by legitimate means to gratify them, is no less a pleasure than a duty. When from insurmountable causes, however, lawful desires cannot be gratified, then to sit down contented is true philosophy. The fox in the fable who kept leaping up at the grapes, and who, when he found after his best exertions that he was unable to reach them, came to the conclusion that they looked rather sour, and walked away contented without them, was more of a true philosopher than the world has generally given him credit for being.

To extinguish vain desires is a part of true contentment. Some desires are foolish, because unattainable. Such were those of the child who cried for the moon. Some desires are extravagant. Such were those of Beau Brummell in his fallen days, when he would have expensive blacking for his ragged boots; of the Portuguese bishop with whom Mr. Ticknor dined, who got his pastry all the way from Holland; of Elizabeth, the Empress of Russia, with her wardrobe of fifteen thousand gowns; or of Bruhl, the Saxon minister, with his three hundred suits of clothes. Some desires are

wicked, as those of Napoleon, when he embezzled, so to speak, Spain from its people and reigning family, or those of the burglar, who steals your plate. It is true contentment to be freed from all desires of the above character. Well said the heathen Emperor Marcus Aurelius, in reference to the government which the mind in this respect required: "My dominions are greater within than they are without." True contentment makes us also satisfied with our individual lot, after having tried all reasonable plans to improve it, teaching us to look at the compensations it possesses. Every lot in life has a crook in it, and every one also has a counterbalancing advantage. Contentment gives us a magnifying glass with which to see the latter, like the Spaniard, who when eating cherries always put on his spectacles, that they might appear larger to his eye.

Contentment is especially useful, when we meet with reverses of fortune, by making us bring down our mind to our circumstances, and cut our coat according to our cloth. John Howe showed this spirit, when, obliged to leave the court on the death of Oliver Cromwell, he retired contentedly to his beloved obscurity and little flock at Great Torrington. Contentment is, in short, the true elixir of life. With it, everything pleases, while without it, as Carlyle said, even suns and solar systems would not satisfy.

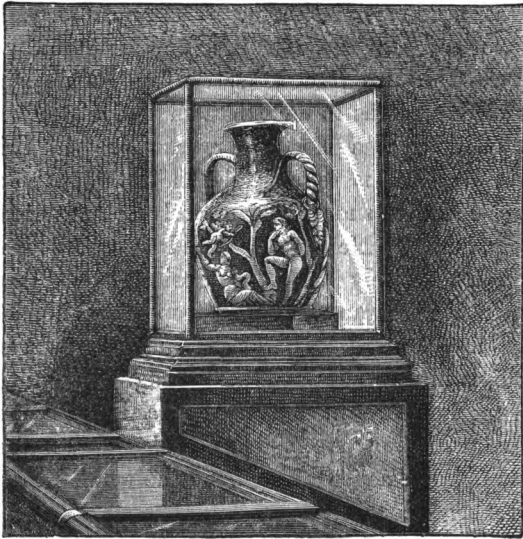
Christianity does the best for us here. It teaches us, with the great Apostle, to say, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." The Christian is thankful in prosperity, patient in adversity. Feeling that he deserves nothing, he is grateful for everything, and rather counts up the mercies he possesses, than those that he wants. An Italian once said that all his

days were fine days. If it rained, it pleased him that it did so, because it was the will of God that it should rain. If the weather was fine, it pleased him that it should be so, not only because it was agreeable to the senses, but because it was the will of God that it should be fine. Thus he had no disappointments. In like manner, the Christian, seeing the hand of God as arranging or permitting all events, while he will make prudent plans, and act with as much care as if everything depended on his own exertions, is satisfied with the results, as having the hand of God in them, and as seeing that hand "from seeming evil still educing good." Thus he learns in everything to give thanks, and enjoys Divine contentment, having, in proportion as he learns to submit to what Madame Guyon calls "the sweet beloved will of God," no disappointments.

CHAPTER XI.

WRECKERS OF HAPPINESS.

IN the British Museum there used to stand the beautiful Portland vase, which had come down from



THE PORTLAND VASE.

antiquity as one of the triumphs of art in the olden time. The visitor hung over it in silent admiration of its grace and beauty. One day, however, a drunken

maniac entering the room, struck the vase and shivered it to pieces, causing a thrill of lament and a note of indignation to go through the land, at a calamity which had destroyed so fair an object.

In a similar manner, disappointing as it is to arrive at such a conclusion, the gift of innocent enjoyment or happiness, committed to our trust at the beginning of life, and the ingredients of which have been briefly detailed in the preceding pages, is seldom (even when it has not been sacrificed at the shrine of duty) found by mortals to remain an unbroken possession, when life closes. Some men, it is true, by wise moderation, forethought, prudence and favouring circumstances, appear to have enjoyed through life an almost unclouded felicity. The late Sir Henry Holland, a physician of our own day, seems to have had some such experience. "His book," says a biographer, describing Sir Henry's Autobiography, "is remarkable, as being the picture of a life entirely successful, entirely pleasurable, and entirely happy. Never before did we meet with any human lot entirely without vicissitude or disappointment, or without any change except from one desired success to another." This experience, however, even if reliable, is most exceptional. Although, no doubt, after all deductions are made, there is a large amount of enjoyment in the world, yet multitudes play havoc with their happiness, never taking even the trouble to inquire as to its conditions.

Many lose health by neglecting its simplest rules, to say nothing of those who destroy it by intemperance, like the statesmen of last century mentioned by Mr. Trevelyan in his *Life of Fox*, who, through their deep carousings, were old before middle age. Men's calling

in life, which ought to give them so much pleasure, becomes a source of misery through their neglect of its successful conditions; or when they have callings really suitable to them, they will grumble continually at them, like Charles Lamb, and only find out when they get, as he did, insipid leisure, how much they have been quarrelling with occupation, their best friend. The wrong use of that excellent gift, money, is a fruitful marrer of happiness. Some are not provident, and are tortured by debt. Others, who have made money, are injudicious in their mode of investing it, and then break their hearts over their loss, like a tradesman in our neighbourhood, who, after making 20,000*l.* in his business, committed suicide, because a portion of his wealth took wings. Others fix their aims amiss, and are chagrined because they are not accomplished. "My hopes, public and private," said Hazlitt, writing in a soured spirit, "have been left in ruins." Marriage, that great fountain of felicity, often becomes, through want of prudence, a Marah of bitterness. Some grieve because they cannot get married, while others, like the poor man in the story, would go to the clergyman who tied the nuptial knot to get it untied, did they not know that, like him, they would be referred to the sexton in the churchyard as the one who unmarried people. Crime dashes the vase of happiness all to pieces. "This is what I was," wrote a youth in prison under a portrait of himself, which he had drawn on the wall, looking bright and happy. "This is what I am," was his second inscription on another portrait of himself, miserable and in his felon's dress. Some never taste life's sweet intellectual pleasures, their souls remaining rude as unsculptured blocks of marble. How little, again, culture and genius

can do without correct conduct to produce happiness is shown by Lord Byron writing a mournful epitaph on the thirty-third year of his wasted life. Then evil tempers, unregulated passions, and an accusing conscience can make, has been strongly but truly said, an incessant hell of people's thoughts. Bereavement, again, comes to all in turn, and many a man sees a domestic paradise blighted, because

“The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom:
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.”

Accident will sometimes, as Mr. Carlyle says, cause a thunderbolt to fall out of a blue sky, wrecking people's happiness, as the sudden death of his wife did his, just in the moment of his reaching a great prize in life, and being installed Rector of Edinburgh University. Then there are unavoidable natural calamities. The earthquake destroyed Lisbon last century, and almost did the same with the island of Ischia the other day. Again, the earth has been in every age a field of blood; and the vast proportion of our race which has perished by the sword almost exceeds credibility or calculation; nor can the compassionate mind think on the subject without horror and amazement.

It is evident, therefore, that the difficulty of the postman of our opening chapter, in finding a happy man to whom to give his letter, was not so greatly to be wondered at, and that though prudence will do much to secure happiness, it will not do all. Many a fair and beauteous flower, it is true, grows in Life's Pleasure

Garden, but evidently the plant of perfect felicity cannot be reared on earth.

Christianity can do the best for us here. It does not profess to give us our rest on earth, but treats life as a mixed condition, in which joy and sorrow are both necessary to perfect the character. It will largely exempt its followers, however, from those sorrows which men's follies and unregulated passions bring upon them, and in the retrospect of life can make them re-echo Miss Havergal's glowing experience :

"Thou, Divinest Wisdom, Thou hast said,
Thy ways are paths of pleasantness, and all
Thy paths are peace; and that the path of him
Who wears Thy perfect robe of righteousness
Is as the light, that shineth more and more
Unto the perfect day. .

Master, I set my seal that Thou art true,
Of Thy good promise not one thing hath failed.
Yes, there is tribulation; but Thy power
Can blend it with rejoicing.
. . . Every step leads on to more and more;
From strength to strength Thy pilgrims pass, and sing
The praise of Him who leads them on and on,
From glory unto glory, even here."

PART III.
THE RELATIONS OF PAIN TO PLEASURE.

THE RELATIONS OF PAIN TO PLEASURE.

WE now arrive at the last division of our subject, the relations of Pain to Pleasure. Keeping up the similitude of a garden, we leave, so to speak, the parterres where the flowers were decked in gay colours. The plants that now court our notice are dark in hue, and at first sight unpleasant to the eye. It may be, however, that a nearer acquaintance will reconcile us to them, and show us that they possess at least healing properties.

CHAPTER I.

THE WARNINGS OF PAIN.

WE well remember the day, when at the public school at which we were educated, "the Tawse" or Scottish substitute for the English rod, were first pro-



THE TAWSE.

duced. We had—in order, we presume, that our master might more easily discover the bent of our characters—been allowed, for a few days, a considerable amount of

licence; but the production of the grim leathern strap, which was the school instrument of punishment, produced a very salutary dread upon the mind. At the junior academy we had left, a bag of sugar comfits had been kept for the reward of well-doing young pupils, so that we were thus early taught that pain and pleasure are the two pivots on which human actions turn.

The first, and, so far as we have gone, the only purpose of pain in nature would appear to be, to warn us by the disagreeable feelings attached to it, of the duty of avoiding actions that cause it; just as pleasure, by the agreeable sensations annexed to it, has seemed to be nature's voice calling us to do the things that produce pleasurable feeling. During the last century, Sir Francis Delaval was a man notorious for his addiction to fun and frolic, in which he fooled away his time and money. At the close of his career, when still in the prime of life, he found himself a moral wreck, and expressed himself to the late Mr. Edgeworth in somewhat the following terms: "Let my example," he said, "warn you of a fatal error into which I have fallen. I have pursued amusement or rather frolic instead of turning my ingenuity and talents to useful purposes. If I had employed half the time and half the pains which I have wasted in exerting my powers on trifles, instead of making myself a conspicuous figure at places of amusement, instead of giving myself to gallantry which disgusted me and disappointed me, instead of dissipating my fortune and tarnishing my character, . . . I should have been a useful member of society and an honour to my family." To the same effect spoke a poor prisoner at the assizes to Rowland Hill, who asked him, seeing him in deep dejection, what he had done

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that brought him there. "Oh, sir," was his reply, "I have done that which has undone me, and which I cannot undo."

These are specimens of the warnings of pain. On the other hand, in such instances as the following, nature, as it were, produces her bag of sweetmeats, and allures us to imitate their example by the pleasure she has attached to them. "My trials," said the late William Jay of Bath, at the end of a long life, "have been few compared with my comforts. My pleasures have been cheap and simple, and therefore very numerous. I have enjoyed without satiety the seasons and the sceneries of nature. I have relished the bounties of Providence, using them with moderation and thankfulness. I have delighted in the means of grace. Unutterable have been my delights in studying and perusing the Scripture." To the same effect spoke, in his old age, the Rev. Haldane Stewart: "The Lord has provided me a quiet habitation and resting-place, in which by His blessing I may close my days in peace. He has brought me to my seventieth year, and up to this day has fed, guided, preserved, protected and strengthened me, and has given me so great a portion of health as to enable me to discharge duties for which I had not strength twenty years ago. I close the year in health of body and peace of mind. How can I render thanks for all His benefits!"

Were our subject, then, to terminate here, the lessons which the previous pages indicate would be found to be—

First, that we should, so far as is consistent with duty, studiously avoid pain and follow pleasure.

Second, that the materials of pleasure, when they are

collected, are most fully enjoyed when they are used in an unselfish spirit. Happiness may be compared in this respect to the apple which was carved by a knife, one side of whose blade was deleterious and the other healthful. The man who carves the fruit of pleasure selfishly is sure to taste dissatisfaction in some form, just as the man who carves it in an opposite spirit will find it yield him true satisfaction.

Christianity does the best for us here. Did the question of happiness now end, and did it consist only in the attainment of the pleasures we have enumerated in these pages, Christianity would give us, as we have shown, the best share of these pleasures and double the enjoyment of them, by the unselfish spirit it inculcates. There are other aspects of the question, however.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHEMISTRY OF PAIN.

WHEN Napoleon the First invaded Egypt, he endeavoured to produce on the natives an impression of the power of their conquerors, by getting the *savans*, who accompanied the expedition, to perform before them some of the more remarkable of the experiments of chemistry. Marvellous indeed is the chemist's power. He can change bitter into sweet, hard into soft, black into white, and transmute apparently the very character of material substances.

This illustration brings us to what we may properly term "the chemistry of pain." When Nature warns us, as we have seen in the last chapter, by the infliction of pain of the danger of violating her laws, she makes sometimes that very infliction the means of producing a new form of enjoyment to those who bear it aright. Pain, for instance, often causes those who suffer it to have for the first time a true sympathy with other sufferers. "Sweet," writes our great poet, pursuing this line of thought, "are the uses of adversity." "Being myself not unacquainted with misfortune," Virgil represents Queen Dido as saying to the hero of the *Æneid*, "I learn to have pleasure in succouring

others." During the last century, one of the English judges having, as a sort of frolic, got himself fastened in the village stocks, and having been accidentally left in them longer than was intended by an absent-minded companion, he afterwards when he visited as a county gentleman his quarter sessions, felt much sympathy for those who were about to be sentenced to this kind of punishment, asking his brother magistrates if they had ever been put in the stocks, as if not, he had been. "Mrs. Murray of Keith," says Dr. Charteris in his admirable little book on *Almsgiving*, "when suffering from incurable lameness, bequeathed two thousand pounds for the support of the incurable poor, giving a preference to the lame." Dr. Swift felt the approach of lunacy, and founded an hospital for lunatics.

Pain when alleviated, too, gives a sense of relief to the sufferer unknown to the man in full health. On this principle, Paley says that he is not sure, but that a man is a gainer by suffering a moderate interruption of health for a couple of hours out of the four and twenty. Beautifully does Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer paint the rapturous feelings of returning health felt by the invalid, when, speaking of his experience of the water cure at Malvern, he tells of his enjoyment in rising from a sleep sweet as childhood's, the impatient rush into the open air, while the sun was fresh and the birds first sang, his sense of an unwonted strength in every limb, the delicious sparkle of the morning draught of water from the fountain, the walk along the green terrace on the mountain side, with the rich landscape far and wide below, while the breeze but exhilarated the blood and lifted the mind into a purer joy.

Then pain, rightly improved, develops the virtues of

patience and resignation. The face of Lady Sidmouth, a great sufferer, was taken, Miss Mitford tells us, by a sculptor, as a model of sweetness. Pain, again, rebukes inordinate self-love, and chastens it into humility, a process beautifully described by Longfellow, in one of his poems, where he paints

“Robert of Sicily, Lord of Allemaine,”

puffed up with pride, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, and taught, like the same monarch, by a temporary eclipse of reason, the wisdom of a lowly mind. The loss of five beloved children in a few days from fever, prepared, it cannot be doubted, Catherine Tait for (what might otherwise have been a dizzy elevation) that exalted position in society which she afterwards filled and adorned, as the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Pain has even a mysterious alliance with pleasure; the poet speaks of there being such a thing as “the luxury of woe.” Mary of Modena seems to have sought this pleasure, when, after the death of James the Second of England (a husband dear to her, whatever faults the historian has found in him), she shut herself up in a chamber to which artificial light only was admitted, and fondly, though unwisely, gave herself up to a pleasing mourning for the departed object of her affections. To complete the matter, Charles Lamb has shown that there is even a humorous side to the picture of pain, as represented in sickness. “To be sick,” he says, “is to enjoy monarchical prerogatives. Compare the silent tread and quiet ministry, almost by the eye only, with which he (the invalid) is served, with the careless demeanour, the unceremonious goings in and out, slamming of doors, or leaving them open, of the very

same attendants, when he is getting a little better, and you will confess, that from the bed of sickness (throne let me rather call it) to the elbow-chair of convalescence, there is a fall from dignity amounting to a deposition."

Christianity does the best for us here. The Saviour proves Himself to be the great alchemist, making those whom He afflicts, though not willingly, learn from sanctified affliction gratitude for mercies when restored, and the right use of them in the future, together with patience, resignation, a dissipation of the illusions of life, and preparation for the world to come.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONQUEST OF PAIN.

DURING the Peninsular campaigns of Lord Wellington an unexpected check was given by him to the French general Marmont. The latter seemed, as Wellington retreated before him, to be driving his opponent into the most hopeless defeat, till suddenly Marmont found himself confronted with the lines of Torres Vedras (a strong range of fortifications which had been secretly constructed), and was then obliged himself to change positions with the English general, and retreat in turn.

Now, so far as we have gone, our task has been a very simple one. We have had only to show how, by care, pain should be avoided and the pleasurable emotions of life produced. Pain, although it sometimes, as we have seen in the last chapter, produces good, has hitherto appeared a thing caused solely by vice, folly or imprudence. So far, we repeat, our task has been a simple one; but now the moral lines of Torres Vedras appear, and we come to a class of actions where pain is not produced by want of prudence or by misconduct, but where it must be faced and conquered, if we wish to be led to the higher forms of life's enjoyment.

Few men, for instance, had an evening of life more enjoyable than the Duke of Wellington. He saw statues erected to his honour; he had a mansion and estate purchased for him by the nation, and titles conferred upon him. He lived, too, in the hearts of his countrymen, and had the sweet satisfaction of reflecting that he had been the instrument by which peace had been restored to Europe. Yet this enjoyment had been attained, not by avoiding pain, but by confronting every form of it in the battle-field.

It is the same, as regards mental pain at least, in many other walks of life. What difficulties explorers have had to face, from Columbus downwards! What obloquy Clarkson and Wilberforce also had to endure in abolishing the slave trade! What a fight with those who tried to rob him of the benefit of his patent as the inventor of the steam engine had James Watt! In short, energy, patience, perseverance, determination, courage, a strong will and the temporary denial of pleasure, with the power of facing and conquering pain, seem requisite to success in life, and to the enjoyment of that retrospect of difficulties overcome which is so delightful. "I looked down on my dress"—says William Cobbett, after he had made his mark in life, and when describing his visit to the scenes of his early days, where he had been a simple peasant boy—"I looked down on my dress—what a change! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a Secretary of State's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited on by men in gaudy liveries. I had had nobody to assist me in the world, no teachers of any sort, no one to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. The distinctions

of rank, birth and wealth all became nothing in my eyes, and from that moment I resolved never to bend before them." A similar burst of enthusiasm broke from the lips of Stanley, the African explorer, as he reviewed the perils he had undergone in his successful search for Livingstone.

A writer has said that the Anglo-Saxon race does not thrive in climates where there is no frost; and without difficulty and pain there would be no room for the heroic element in life. Pain too becomes a standard by which the nobility of actions is weighed. To help your neighbour to a dish at table is a courteous, but could scarcely be called a noble act. To jump overboard, however, as Captain Bate did, into water swarming with sharks, and rescue a fellow-creature from drowning, is an action, the grandeur of which is estimated by the risk of pain which he faced and conquered in the performance of it.

Christianity does the best for us here. In peaceful times it is like a ship of war dressed out with flags for a *fête*, but in the sterner seasons of life, it is like the same ship manned for action. It strengthens the will, and warns us to be ready, if needful, to endure hardness, and to find pleasure in pain subjugated and made a spring of pleasant recollection. Robert Moffatt, the eminent missionary, was, at the age of eighty-six, entertained at a banquet given to him in the Mansion House. When he ate of its delicacies, they must have tasted the sweeter, as he remembered his toils in Africa, and the day when he had to tie up his stomach with a thong of leather, in order to blunt the pangs of hunger. Dr. Marsden, as he rejoiced to see the progress of the Gospel in New Zealand, must

have recalled his early antecedent toils with a keen zest, just as John Wesley, when he walked as an old man through a place in Cornwall, and was greeted with affectionate respect by the inhabitants, must have pleasingly thought of the day when, some forty years before, he had been mobbed in that very town. Then Christianity makes the subjugation of pain a source of enjoyment, from the more than mortal supports which she gives under it. Thus, for instance, a modern writer paints a Christian prisoner's experience in a dungeon called Little Ease, to which he had been consigned, and where a person could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. "I could pray," he says, "as Jonah did. That was the first gleam of inward light. After that it grew, aye and grew till I was no more alone, because God companied with me; till I was no more a hungered, because God fed me; till I thirsted no more, because God led me to living fountains; till I wept no more, because God wiped away all tears from my eyes. Ere I came out, I would not have changed Little Ease for the fairest chamber in the king's palace, if thereby I had left God behind."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PARADOX OF LIFE.

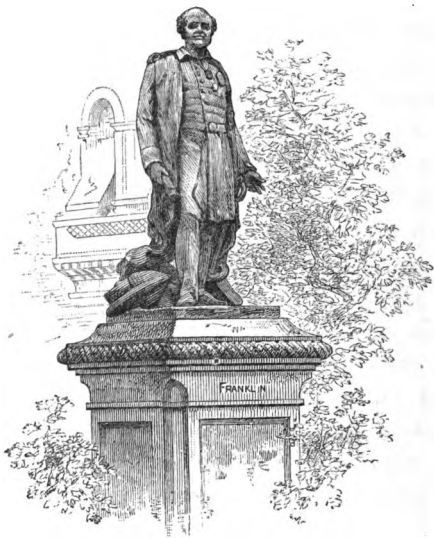
ON one occasion, during a tour in North Wales, we paid, with other tourists, a visit to the grave of the Greyhound Bedgellert, under the shadow of Snowdon. The story of this dog is a familiar but touching one. His master, so runs the legend, coming home one day, missed his infant son. His cloak lay stained with blood, and the jaw of Bedgellert bore similar traces of gore. Rushing to the conclusion that the blood was that of his child, and that the dog had killed him, the chief in a fit of fury slew the dog, when on lifting up the cloak there was the infant peacefully sleeping, and beside it the carcase of a wolf which the noble hound had destroyed while defending the child from it. A stone was erected by the sorrowing chief to the memory of the faithful animal, and a sympathizing crowd of tourists still visit it, and heave a sigh of regret for the brave dog that may be said to have lost its life through doing its duty.

Our last chapter has shown pain conducting to higher forms of pleasure. We come now, however, to a class of actions, by the performance of which, though they are not careless or vicious actions, but actions of an

excellent character, all pleasure is extinguished. The touching lessons from the tomb of Bedgellert are repeated when we examine the monuments of some of our distinguished Englishmen. Here, for instance, under the shadow of Gloucester Cathedral, is a monument erected to Bishop Hooper. It is not raised to commemorate how he enjoyed the architecture of the old structure, its solemn music and the retirement of the palace grounds. No! the monument was erected because he consented to suffer the pain of being burned alive, rather than swerve from what he considered truth. Here again is a monument to Havelock, not because he enjoyed life, but because he parted with it in rescuing his countrymen at Lucknow. In another part of London is a monument to Franklin and his gallant companions, who died victims to cold and hunger in the cause of science. In St. Paul's there is a monument to Howard, who died prematurely from fever while pursuing his mission of philanthropy. The churches of our sea-coasts contain tablets to the memory of gallant life-boat-men, who in the prime of life and in the full capability of enjoying pleasure, died in rescuing others from shipwreck. We see therefore that there is in nature a higher principle than the mere conservation of our own enjoyment, and that some of the grandest and noblest actions in life—actions in the train of which follow remote and present advantages to the world—actions, too, which will be remembered with commendation to the end of time—lead to the extinction of all pleasure on earth, for the obvious reason, that in the performance of them life itself is extinguished.

This, then, is the great paradox of life, that nature should stir us up by the strongest motives of prudence

to cultivate apparently as the chief end of our being, the many innocent and delicious forms of enjoyment enumerated in these pages, and should then at times place us in circumstances where it is needful, if we would promote the good of the community, and have the respect of conscience, that we should throw them



FRANKLIN MONUMENT.

unhesitatingly away. In the first and second parts to this little treatise, we have been climbing, so to speak, the mountain of pleasure; but on arriving at its summit we discover that the peak of the mountain of duty, or self-sacrifice, soars above it, in the blue vault of heaven.

CHAPTER V.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

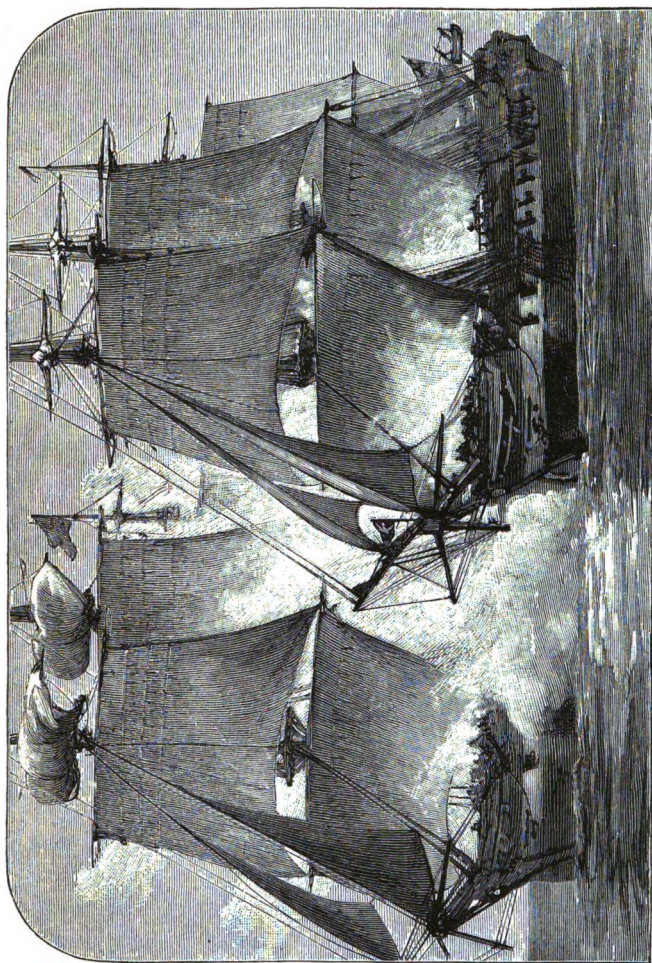
IN Westminster Abbey is the well-known monument to Garrick, on which he is represented as being drawn on one side by Tragedy, and on the other by Comedy, unable apparently to decide which has the stronger claim upon him.

The position of man in this world, having within him lawful inclinations, that so strongly urge him to enjoy pleasure, and another principle called duty, which at times so powerfully commands him to deny pleasure, is one of those mysteries that stir thought to its depths, when the question is fully considered. Vice, as may be seen every day in the world around us, can destroy enjoyment, by destroying life itself, and virtue, from the instances given in the previous chapter, would, strange as it may seem, appear to have the same effect. But the results in the two cases are very different. The sacrifices to vice are followed by shame; those to virtue by honour. The latter sends down a stream of benefits to the community; the other only mischief.

Self-sacrifice in the cause of duty is also not unaccompanied by solid satisfaction, which sometimes

deprives the act of the feeling of pain, and renders it even pleasurable. In the memorable naval engagement between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, the two commanders seem to have been so animated by professional enthusiasm and patriotic ardour as to have entered on the deadly encounter as if they had been going to a feast. "My soul," said Sir Richard Granville, when dying after his world-renowned conflict with fifty-three Spanish vessels—"my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body." Love, too, can take the pain out of the self-sacrifice, as it must have done in the case of the Russian serf who threw himself down among the wolves that were following the sledge, in order that, while devouring him, his master, to whom he was attached, might have time to escape. The prospect, too, of an act of self-sacrifice sending down a stream of benefits to posterity will reconcile to a generous mind any personal loss it may occasion.

Meaner considerations will also sometimes come into play; for persons who are ambitious of reputation may be urged on to self-denying actions by the fame that often follows in their train. In order to make self-sacrifice more easy, the virtue has been honoured with every form of commendation. Oliver Cromwell stimulated this feeling among the English navy, by interring brave Admiral Blake among the Kings of England in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. Cowardice, or an inclination to shrink from self-sacrifice, has been loaded, on the contrary, with every kind of contumely. The youth of America who stayed at home during the great contest between North and South, must have winced under the withering sarcasm of Wendell Holmes's lines :



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE "SHANNON" AND THE "CHESAPEAKE."

“Bring him the buttonless garment of woman,
Cover his face, lest it freckle and tan ;
All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feather from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume, like a turkey-wing duster,
That is the crest for the sweet little man.”

Accustomed as most men are in modern times to consider happiness as the great object of pursuit in life, it is curious to notice the different estimate of its value which has been sometimes taken. Among nations given to warlike pursuits, there is of course little time to study the enjoyment of life, and it has been frowned down, as being supposed to weaken self-sacrifice. Fortitude in bearing pain is in these communities the great quality to be cultivated, such as was shown by the Irish chief, who at his baptism took no notice until the ceremony was over, of the spiked pole which bore the cross having been driven by accident through his foot into the earth. The Romans took as their type of a model man, Regulus, who could face torture and death rather than shrink from duty, while they lavished contempt on the inhabitants of Sybaris, who used couches stuffed with rose-leaves, offered rewards for new dishes, and banished cocks from the town, that the inhabitants' sleep might not be broken by their crowing. Mr. Carlyle in his writings has fostered this love of the heroic, and the contempt of enjoyment as the chief end of life. Our theory of duty, he says, ought to be constructed on “the greatest nobleness,” not on “the greatest happiness” principle. For a son of man, there is, in his opinion, no crown so noble as a crown of thorns. The type of character he would have admired, would have been that of such an individual as Algernon Sydney, who, when the executioner

noticed that he shifted his position after he had knelt down at the fatal block, and asked him, "Do you wish to rise again?" sublimely replied, "Not till the general resurrection; strike on." The ascetic, too, instead of using enjoyment in moderation, has treated it as an enemy to be extirpated, retiring as he has done to the deserts, wearing sharp-pointed crosses of steel next his skin, and mingling his food and drink with bitter ingredients.

These illustrations, extravagant as some of them are, may, however, teach us some useful lessons. In our pursuit of happiness we should also learn to take every kind of enjoyment with temperance, and hold it in strict subjection to duty. Mr. Ellis, whose name is so honourably associated with missions, could, in England, enjoy his rose culture, his literary studies, and refined home pleasures, and yet leave them at an hour's notice, when intelligence of the death of the persecuting Queen of Madagascar summoned him to a perilous journey to that island. If all the pleasures in life, it has been well said, could be purchased for a penny, that penny should not be paid for them, if to acquire it duty had to be sacrificed. Pleasure, it has been often noticed, is best enjoyed when it follows in the path of duty; and Benjamin Franklin uttered a wise proverb when he made his poor Richard say, "Shun pleasures, and they will run after you." Professor Whewell defined happiness as being duty and pleasure harmonized; and most of our readers, at this stage of the subject, will consider the definition a sound one.

Christianity does the best for us here—

1. Its tendency is, when there are no exceptional circumstances at work, to promote, as we have

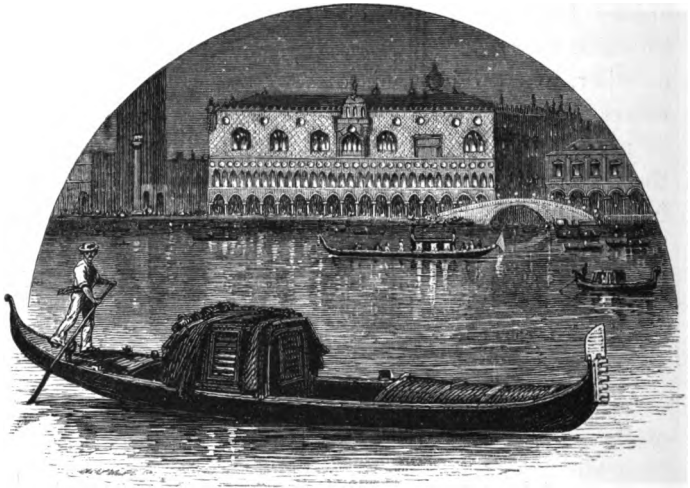
endeavoured to show in the notes appended to each of our chapters, the true enjoyment of every innocent form of happiness. When self-sacrifice, however, is needful, it changes duty into pleasure by making it be done from love to God and man. It thus harmonizes duty and pleasure.

2. It gives men Divine supports of the Holy Spirit in the hour of trial, which can make them yield up even life itself with pleasure and triumph.

3. When life is sacrificed for Christ, it is found again in heaven.

4. It explains that self-sacrifice, with all its interruptions to the ordinary forms of happiness, arises chiefly from a condition of things (war, for instance) in which there has been some disobedience, on one side or other, to the commands of God, and that when evil ceases, in a future happy state of existence, there will be no occasion for the moral nature to be strained in the manner in which sin has caused it to be strained here. Duty and pleasure will then be synonymous. There will be no more pain, and every tear shall be wiped away by the Redeemer from the eyes of His people.

CHAPTER VI.
A SCENE AT VENICE.



VENICE BY NIGHT.

WHEN a distinguished modern journalist visited Venice at the time of certain festivities prepared for the King of Italy, in commemoration of that city's

deliverance from the Austrian rule, he attended a state ball given on the occasion. The ball-room was situated on an island, and when the journalist, oppressed with heat, retired from the gay and gorgeous scene into one of the cool passages, he saw that the whole festival, splendid and glittering as it was, was surrounded by the sea, which loomed black in the shadows of night, while in the foreground lay the gondola of the King of Naples, ready to carry him away when the festivities were over. Even so seemed to the journalist, forced into a moralizing vein, man's position in this world, he enjoying life for a brief hour, but having the brightest moments of his existence all girdled round with a sea of mystery, while death's dark ship waited to bear him away—ah! whither?

In like manner, when the reflecting soul perceives that happiness on earth is at the best so chequered a thing, and that those who play the noblest part upon life's stage are often the first to be hurried away from it, through the performance of duty, it is forced to inquire, whether earth be the final scene of its being. Deeper thoughts, too, will arise within the soul; thus pondering life's enigmas. It will ask itself the question, "Who made this great framework of order and beauty?" How, too, does the Creator regard man's evil conduct? Does He view vice merely as an infirmity of His creature, undesirable, it is true, but still a mere mistake, the result of imperfect training and unfavourable surroundings; or, as conscience whispers, does He regard it as a crime to be answered for in a future state of being? In vain, however, does the soul sound material nature for an answer to these inquiries. It sees only as the journalist saw it, life girdled round

with a dark sea of mystery, and death waiting at the close to convey us to some undiscovered shore.

Christianity does the best for the heart weighed down by these perplexities ; but its remedy we reserve for our next and concluding chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

A LARGE HOUSE IN THE CITY.

It is an impressive spectacle, in one of the crowded thoroughfares of the City of London, to walk through the library of a great institution there, which has had translated into some two hundred and fifty languages that wonderful volume called "the Bible." We see manuscripts hoary with time, volumes the masterpieces of the printer's art, some coeval with the birth of printing, others that have just unlocked the entangled puzzle formed by the alphabets of semi-barbarous tribes, the whole collection showing the interest which this volume has created among the children of men, and how it has indeed given light to every age and borrowed it from none.

If we would have an answer to the enigmas mentioned in the preceding chapter, and have the true tenure of happiness explained to us, we must consult this volume, which attests its heavenly origin no less by a wonderful body of evidence, in the shape of type, miracle and prophecy, than by the Divine simplicity and dignity of its style, as well as by the purifying influence it has exerted on the life of all who truly receive its teachings.

These Scriptures inform us that there exists a great and glorious Creator, Lord God Almighty, who when He framed this world, presented as the condition of His creatures' happiness, that they should love Him with all their heart, and each other as themselves. The representative man having disobeyed his Creator, transmitted, in virtue of the hereditary law, the taint of disobedience to his offspring; and man's will being no longer submitted to God's will, misery has followed as a consequence, causing rivers of tears to stream both in public and private. Sin, or disobedience to the Divine Will, is represented, indeed, as having introduced into the moral world the same confusion that would follow in the physical world, were the sun or the ocean to refuse obedience to the conditions which have been impressed on them. To add to this solemn view of matters, Scripture informs us that man is endowed with the perilous gift of living hereafter, and that as sin produces misery here, it will, unless arrested in this world, flow on in a stream of eternal sorrow to its victims.

The remedies the Scriptures point out for this state of things are familiar to our readers. The Son of God became incarnate, made Himself an offering for sin, and by His sacrifice put it away and made a full satisfaction to Divine justice. When the soul receives this message of love, and surrenders itself with penitent trust into the hands of its Divine Benefactor, it obtains pardon and the indwelling presence of God Himself by the gift of the Holy Spirit. This Divine indweller frees the soul from the dominion of evil, renews it in purity, and makes it once more move on the pivot of love to God and man, finding its happiness in pleasing the Divine Being,

and in extending the knowledge of His goodness to others.

In a world governed so much by selfishness, and where there are so many obstacles to virtue, Christianity necessarily comes into contact with evil, and its followers have in consequence to suffer. It frankly warns them therefore in the outset, that they may have to undergo the loss of all things, finding their supports in an interior joy, a peace that passeth all understanding, and the prospect of a heaven of glory and of undying bliss. In peaceful times, however, Christianity has an alliance with every lawful pleasure, giving the best of it to its followers. The Christian is therefore the only truly happy man. In him duty and pleasure harmonize, and, whether in a self-sacrificing or enjoying attitude, he has the best of what earth can give. In life Christianity enabled the pious Doddridge to say, "My days begin and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful;" while in the hour of death it caused Edward Bickersteth to exclaim, "The visions of glory that break in upon me have been quite indescribable."

THE END.

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